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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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# Announcing the **Adelym** 4 Way Coat



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# Drink to the Moon

By W. L. KNICKMEYER

I WAS in my office that day, working on the script for the new Frances Delaney picture, when Marty Evans came in. In the two years she'd been doing publicity for Cosmic, I'd seen quite a bit of Marty. She was a fine girl and we got along well. "Brad," she said, "I want you to meet a friend of mine, Jim Fallon. Jim, this is Brad Roberts."

Marty was always turning up with strange characters, but this time it was different. The difference was in her voice. Her hair was all gold, her blue eyes shone, and her voice was a song.

I said, "Hi, Marty. Hello, Mr. Fallon."

He was a tall, rangy sort of fellow with sandy hair and grey eyes and a cowboy hat that he kept turning round and round in his hands. He had a nice grin.

"I thought I knew everybody on the Cosmic lot," I said. "You just signed up with us?"

He twisted the hat round. Marty put a hand on his arm.

"He isn't signed up with anybody. He just got here to-day, from my home town in Oklahoma."

"Of course, I'm just a writer," I said. "But I can introduce you to Walt." He looked blank. I explained: "Walt Gordon, the producer. He needs a cowboy."

Marty broke in. "You don't understand, Brad. Jim isn't an actor."

"Who said anything about actors? He can ride a horse, can't he?"

She made an impatient sound. "He doesn't want a job at all. He's visiting. I'm showing him round."

I said "Oh" again. I wasn't interested in visitors. "Well, nice to have met you. If there's anything I can do—"

"I thought we might take him to Delaney's party to-night," Marty said. "She wouldn't care, would she?"

"She'd be insulted if we didn't," I said. I got up and shook hands with him. "Bring your horse if you like. Say about eleven?"

"Fine," Marty said. She looked at Fallon. "You run along, darling. I want to talk to Brad. We'll see you to-night."

He split one of those shy grins between us. Then he went out. It wasn't until after he'd gone that I realised he hadn't said a word the whole time.

"How did you like him?" Marty looked anxious.

I shrugged. "Seems all right. If he could talk we might sell him to Walt." I thought about it. "Or if his horse could talk. That would be even better."

"I'm serious, Brad."

What made her think I wasn't? A horse like that would be a gold mine.

"What do you want me to say? He's probably good to his cows." I looked at her hard. "What's all this with you and cowboys?"

"He isn't a cowboy, he's a rancher."

"Rancher, cowboy, it's all the same. What plays, sweetheart?"

Marty wasn't herding a cowboy round just for the laughs.

"I'm going home," she said.

"Home!"

"With Jim." She looked past me. Her voice was hushed. There were stars shining in her eyes. "I'm going to marry him."

I felt my grin going away. Suddenly it wasn't funny.

I looked at Marty and I was seeing things clearly. Things I ought to have known, but hadn't. Things that had been building up inside me for two years. Things . . .

Marty and I riding for hours along the coast in the moonlight, Marty and I swimming at the beach. Marty and I at the lake, up in the mountains: fishing, walking in the woods, sitting in front of an open fire.

There was a tight feeling in my chest. I watched the memories going by, and each of them gave it a little extra twist.

"You can't do that," I said. My voice sounded strange.

Marty looked surprised. "Why not?"

"Why, because it's ridiculous. You hardly know the man."

"I've known him for years. We went to school together. He always said he was going to marry me when he got a ranch of his own. And now he's got the ranch."

She dreamed. The sun shone. I spread out my hands on the desk and thought about a night two years ago.

The party at Walt Gordon's. The beach was white and still in the moonlight, with waves coming in and breaking and washing out again. I'd gone out to look at the Pacific.

And there was this girl, this Marty. A black dress and her hair shining in the moonlight. She made it complete.

We talked for a while—about what, I couldn't tell you. But we were both starting out in new jobs, both working for Cosmic, and it seemed as if there ought to be a ceremony to go with it.

We looked at the moon. Her eyes smiled at me.

I said, "A good moon and a good life." We drank to both of them.

Now I sat in the office and it didn't add up. Marty on a horse. Marty chasing a bunch of cows. Marty riding hand in hand into the sunset with a character in a cowboy hat.

It was the wrong ending for Marty's story. For mine. For ours.

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*It's crazy, Marty thought, as Jim danced awkwardly past with the film star.*

*John Miller*



# Blue Grass

FLOWER MIST



THE FRESH-MOWN FRAGRANCE OF SUMMER

Make it a morning ritual . . . an exhilarating spray of Flower Mist, a shower of dusting powder, a pat of perfume. Never has there been such a fragrance — as Elizabeth Arden's Blue Grass. And mark the wonderful way it keeps its early morning coolness throughout the day.

Blue Grass Flower Mist.  
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## Elizabeth Arden

LONDON • NEW YORK • PARIS • SYDNEY

FOR the first time, I began to feel uneasy about that dumb cowboy. I said, "You wouldn't be happy among the cows, honey. You've lived in Hollywood too long."

Marty gave me a funny look. "That's just it, Brad. I've been out here too long. Now I'm going back where there are real people, living real lives."

What did she think I was, a zombie?

"You've been seeing too many B pictures," I said. "Don't go, Marty. Don't throw your life away."

"It's my life, isn't it? What difference does it make to you?"

I should stick my neck out. I should say, "Darling, because I love you." I should say, "I've known you for two years and it's just now occurred to me I can't live without you." I should say, "I just happened to think."

And then I should listen to her ringing girlish laughter.

And yet, that was how it was. Don't ask me how I'd missed seeing it before. It crept up on me, that was all. A little here and a little there, until it was time to pull it up and the roots were everywhere.

And pulling on them hurt. I said, "Marty, you're not the type. Not for that guy." I said, "He won't even be able to say 'I do.' He'll have to use sign language."

Her eyes got dark, her cheeks got pink, and she jumped down from the desk.

"Sharp, aren't you?" she said. "Just because Jim doesn't say much you think he's stupid. I hate smart alecks. I want to go where I'll never hear another smart remark for the rest of my life."

"That's where you're going, baby." She was on her way to the door, so I raised my voice a little. "If you marry that guy, you won't hear any kind of remarks—unless you can teach the horse to talk."

The door closed as though she meant it.

After she'd gone I sat there looking at the Delaney script. It was all about her losing her man and it was full of throbs and heartbreak and Delaney staring hopelessly into space.

I had some space-staring to do myself.

The more I thought about it, the more it was wrong. Of course, I'd never said anything about marrying her, but she could have guessed, couldn't she? What did she want me to do, send her a telegram?

I looked out the window. The sun shone, the breeze blew, a bird sang. Marty was going away. Marty was going to marry a cowboy. Marty was going to saddle Old Paint and round up the dogies.

No, she wasn't. Maybe the script read that way, but who ever followed a script? There was Delaney and Delaney's party. And I made a living by having ideas. Delaney's mind didn't follow very well if you went over two syllables, but Delaney was a friend of mine and I knew lots of one-syllable words.

I went out to look for Delaney.

The party that night was like any other party, only more so because it was Delaney's. More people, more noise, more music. The only thing missing was a troupe of trained seals, and they'd probably show up later.

Everybody was there, from Walt Gordon on down the line. About midnight I saw Marty standing alone, near a prop totem pole. She was frowning.

I went over to her. "Having fun?"

"Fun? Look at it, Brad. Is it any wonder I want to leave Hollywood?"

I looked at it. The artificial moon, the Cossacks, the performing dogs, the Hawaiian dancers in grass skirts. A guy in leather pants was playing

## Drink to the Moon

Continued from page 3

a guitar and singing. Delaney liked variety.

"Oh, I don't know," I said, I looked round and made myself sound innocent. "Where's the cowboy?"

For a minute she didn't say anything. I felt her looking at me. Finally she said, "He's dancing."

He wasn't hard to find. His head stuck up out of the crowd. His hair was mussed, he looked uncomfortable. He was with Delaney. She was dancing close to him, with her face turned up and her lips parted.

I knew Marty was thinking it was crazy, Jim dancing awkwardly with the glamorous film star.

I said, "She seems to like him, doesn't she?"

Marty watched Delaney.

"Yes," she said.

"Or maybe she's just being polite."

"Maybe."

I looked at her. "What's the matter? You don't sound happy."

She frowned. "It's disgusting. She must be forty, at least. She's making an exhibition of herself."

With what she had to exhibit, why not? I watched her walk off the floor with the cowboy, gazing up at him with rapture, with awe, with the old Delaney appeal. At the box-office it was worth millions. And he was getting it for nothing.

"Twenty, forty, sixty," I said. "She seems to do all right for herself."

Delaney moved closer to the cowboy. She had a glow that registered all the way across the room. I could hear Marty breathing.

Delaney had his lapels now. She stood on tiptoe. Her arms went round his neck.

And she kissed him.

"Oh!" Marty said. She was choking. "Somebody ought to kill that woman!"

"Now."

"I mean it. A fine, clean, unspooled guy like Jim. What does she think she's trying to do, anyway?"

It didn't seem like a good time to answer that.

"You know Delaney. She doesn't mean anything by it."

HER eyes sparkling with rage, Marty looked at me and said: "I suppose it's her idea of a harmless little prank. Like giving a baby a hammer to play with."

I got uncomfortable. It had seemed like a good idea when I'd thought of it, but maybe it was a little raw. He was just a big innocent cowpuncher, and Delaney was—well, Delaney.

I moved my feet around and coughed. "Maybe she didn't realise what she was doing."

Marty sniffed. "I guess it was an accident. I guess she was trying to get a cinder out of his eye and her foot slipped. I guess—"

Delaney came over to us. "That guy's not human!" she said. She stood there with her hands on her million-dollar hips and a frown on her million-dollar face and she was puzzled and hurt and indignant. "Do you know what he did to me?"

"I don't even want to know," I said. I made signs at her to shush but it didn't work. Maybe she didn't know sign language.

"I gave it everything," she said. "I gave him the works. I was better than I was in 'Dark Bridal.' And do you know what he did? He ran out on me!" She pointed. "Look!"

The guy with the leather pants and the guitar was yodelling about coyotes and graves on the prairie. And Jim Fallon was following him around like a dog after a steak.

"He's not human," Delaney said. She looked at me as though it was my fault. "Anyway, I'm through. The next time you think up a cute joke, leave me out of it."

She gave me one last dirty look, said "Cowboys!" and went away.

I stood with my hands in my pockets, not looking at Marty. There was a lot of silence around.

Finally Marty spoke. "A cute joke," she said. "But maybe she didn't realise what she was doing."

I shoved my hands deeper into my pockets. There wasn't any answer for that one.

"Smart alecks." It didn't sound like Marty's voice at all. "Hollywood wise guys. I didn't think you were like that, Brad."

I had to say something, whether she believed it or not.

"So I muffed it," I said. "So I was wrong. But it wasn't a gag. I wasn't trying to be smart."

"I suppose your foot slipped?"

I said, "I was trying to show you something. That your cowboy was no different from anybody else. That you were making a mistake."

She pulled out a nasty little laugh for me. "The mistake I made was in thinking you were different."

There wasn't any answer for that, either. I shrugged.

After a minute Marty said, "Jim's planning to leave to-morrow. I don't think there's any reason for us to see each other again." She gave me a long look. "Good-bye, Brad."

There was an answer for that. It wasn't the kind I liked, but it was the only one.

I gave it to her: "Good-bye, Marty."

I watched her walk away from me. She was slim and straight and her hair shone pale gold, and this was the way things ended. No explosions. No screams. Somebody walked across a room quietly and went out a door and that finished it.

I looked at the party. After a while I went out on the terrace. The beach was below, white and still in the moonlight and the waves coming in and breaking and washing out again.

Well, she was gone and so what? I had my health. I had a good job. And there were plenty of other girls in the world. What difference did it make?

The answer to that was: a lot of difference. Because I wasn't in love with the other girls. Because without Marty what was the job worth?

There was a pebble lying on the terrace. I picked it up and tossed it in my hand. The waves came in and broke and washed out again. The moon shone.

After a while I threw the pebble down on to the beach and went inside.

I was heading for the door, to go home, when I ran into Walt Gordon. He had a special gleam in his eye.

"Brad," he said. "Who was the big handsome jerk who left with Marty Evans?"

I stared at him. I took a couple of deep breaths and maybe there was a gleam in my eyes too.

"That one?" I grinned and took Walt's arm. "Let me talk to you for a minute. I've got something you'll be interested in."

I sat in my office all day with the Delaney script on my desk. Don't get the idea I was working. I sat and waited.

The day was almost over and I was beginning to worry, when the door opened and Marty came in. She wasn't smiling and she didn't say hello.

"You!" she choked. "Oh, you—you double-crosser!"

I might as well be innocent. "Why, hello, Marty. What brings you here?"

"You know why I'm here? I suppose Walt got that idea all by himself?"

"What idea?"

She sputtered like a bad fuse. "The utterly ridiculous notion of putting Jim under contract to Cosmic."

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### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM





# Friday's Child

By . . .  
**GEORGETTE  
HEYER**

**L**ONDON society is staggered when impetuous young VISCOUNT ANTHONY SHERINGHAM elopes with pretty tomboy HERO WANTAGE. It is a marriage of convenience contracted by the Viscount, partly because lovely ISABELLA MILBORNE refused his offer of marriage, but actually because, unless he does marry, he cannot have control of his estate.

Due to inexperience, Hero commits numerous social errors, but she becomes a great favorite with the Viscount's special friends, GILBERT RINGWOOD, FERDY FAKENHAM, his cousin, and LORD GEORGE WROTHAM, in love with Isabella, but fearing the rivalry of the DUKE OF SEVERN.

Hero tries to further George's suit, and he comes to her for advice about sending Isabella flowers for Lady Fakenham's ball.

Now read on:

**H**ERO thought the whole notion of sending Isabella flowers very pretty, but she felt obliged to point out to George that Isabella could hardly wear a posy of violets in a filigree holder.

George saw the force of this argument, but when he had written out another card, with the words "Carry these for my sake," instead of "Wear these," he could not like the alteration.

"Well, I know what I should write if I were you, George," said Hero. "I should just write 'With my love!'"

"With my homage!" corrected George reverently.

"Yes, if you choose, but for my part, I think it would be more touching to put love."

"How if I wrote, 'Carry these and you carry my heart?'" said George, with sudden inspiration.

Hero gave a gasp, and said in a shaken tone: "I don't at all know why it should be so, dear George, but—but I think that would make me want to laugh."

"It would?" he exclaimed, shocked.

She nodded.

"Well, I do not understand how it could possibly do so. However, I dare say you may be right. I should like to mention my heart, though. Would it make you laugh if I wrote, 'Hold these to-night, my heart is in them—or 'with them,' or perhaps goes with them?'"

"Yes it would," replied Hero.

"I should not like to run such a risk," he said, looking very much put out. "I think I will just write 'Wear these for my sake.' Dash it, she will know what I mean!"

Having settled this to his moderate satisfaction, he soon took his leave of Hero, and went off in tolerably good spirits. He met Sherry on the doorstep, but he was too intent on pursuing his quest for violets to do more than exchange a brief greeting with him.

Sherry regarded his retreating figure with dark suspicion, and went straight upstairs to the drawing-room to demand of his wife if George lived in Half Moon Street.

She said innocently: "I thought he lived in Ryder Street. Has he removed from there, Sherry?" He said nothing of it to me, and he was with me not five minutes ago."

"I'm well aware of that!" said Mrs. lordship tartly. "And I should

like to know what he was doing here! I suppose you will say he called to see me!"

"Oh, no, I don't think he wanted to see you, Sherry! He came to ask my advice about something. You won't mention it, will you? He is going to send a bouquet of violets to Isabella for the Fakenham ball. He says they are her favorite flowers."

"Oh," said his lordship. "Well, I

don't see what he wants with your advice!"

"He did want my advice, but I think I ought not to tell you what it was about, because I dare say he would not like it known," confided Hero.

"It seems to me," said Sherry severely, "that Bella Milborne ain't the only female George has an eye to!"

"Oh no, Sherry!" said Hero earn-

*Quite oblivious of Sherry's presence, George bent his head to kiss Hero's pretty lips.*

estly. "Indeed, you are quite wrong! Why, you cannot mean that you suspect George of having an eye to me? Oh, Sherry, how nonsensical!"

"Well, I don't know," said Sherry, looking her over critically. "The fact of the matter is you seem to have grown so devilish pretty since I

married you that there's no knowing what will happen next."

She blushed rosily. "Have I really Sherry? I expect it is just the new way I have of dressing my hair and all my grand gowns."

"Yes, very likely," he agreed.

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Page 5

The Australian Women's Weekly—March 5, 1949

Always look for the name MORLEY on Underwear . . .





**COPPERHEAD**—joyce's rich-toned colour for Autumn . . . deep and glowing as a desert sunset . . . introduced in these brand new styles. Top to bottom — Zippetty, Concho (with matching bag), Double Talk. From better stores throughout Australia — write, we'll tell you where.

ALL JOYCES SAY  
**joyce**  
CALIFORNIA

BOX 4743 G.P.O. SYDNEY



**J**UST to see the sign "Vacancy" was a miracle. Lydia brought her coupe to a jolting stop. It wasn't really a flat. It was just an old barn of a house—one of those shabby, oversize relics of the nineties. But it was only four blocks from the bank where Lydia worked.

For months she'd been travelling thirty miles every day, searching desperately all that while for something close to the city. And here, right at the very fringe of the city, was a vacancy! She wondered why it hadn't been snapped up.

The house had a tangle of bougainvillea vines clinging to its unpainted exterior. There was a huge circular tower at each of the front corners. No grass grew in the yard where a single tree mourned.

A card on the door said: "Ernest Culp, Manager, Flat No. 1."

Lydia entered a wide, high-ceilinged hallway panelled in mahogany. The carpet, once thick, was now threadbare, and there was an atmosphere of musty, decadent grandeur. She knocked at Number 1 on the left.

The man who answered had a thin, bloodless face, a skinny neck, and small, greedy eyes. His fingers were long, bony, crooked; and he wore a tight-fitting shiny black coat.

"You have a vacancy?" Lydia asked. He looks, she thought, like a grave-digger. But it's only four blocks from my work. So what do I care about anything else?

"This way," he said. Solemnly, and with a soft tread, he led her up a broad curved stairway to the second floor. A door at the left front corner was numbered 6.

"It's one of the tower rooms," Ernest Culp said. "You furnish your own linen."

When he opened the door to Number 6, Lydia took one look and said: "I'll take it."

The main part of the room was a generous rectangle equipped with a stained carpet, an oak dresser, a cupboard, a table, chairs, a two-jet gas-stove, and an ice-chest. But the outstanding feature was a circular alcove at the front left corner, made by the tower. In this circle were an iron bed and a bedside lamp.

"The bath," Mr. Culp said, "is at the end of the hall. It's for all the tenants on this floor."

You can't be choosy, Lydia thought, in this housing shortage. "I'll take it," she insisted grimly. Certainly it was better than driving sixty miles a day.

Mr. Culp coughed. "One other thing: It's only fair you should know, I had five people on the waiting-list for the first vacancy. When this room was vacated yesterday, I phoned each of them. They turned it down."

"Why?" Lydia asked.

"A Mrs. Whiting," he said, "lived here for three years. A schoolteacher she was, and very respectable." He pointed to the tower alcove. "The night before last she was murdered in that bed."

"Murdered?" gasped Lydia.

"Strangled," said Ernest Culp. His voice was a hoarse croak.

"Oh!" No wonder the others had turned the vacancy down — they didn't want to sleep in a bed where someone had just been murdered.

"Who did it?" Lydia asked with a slight involuntary shiver.

They don't know. They think maybe it was her husband. She was estranged from him, but they weren't divorced. Sometimes he came round begging her to take him back. But she wouldn't. They think maybe he got mad about it. The police are searching for him. But they can't find him."

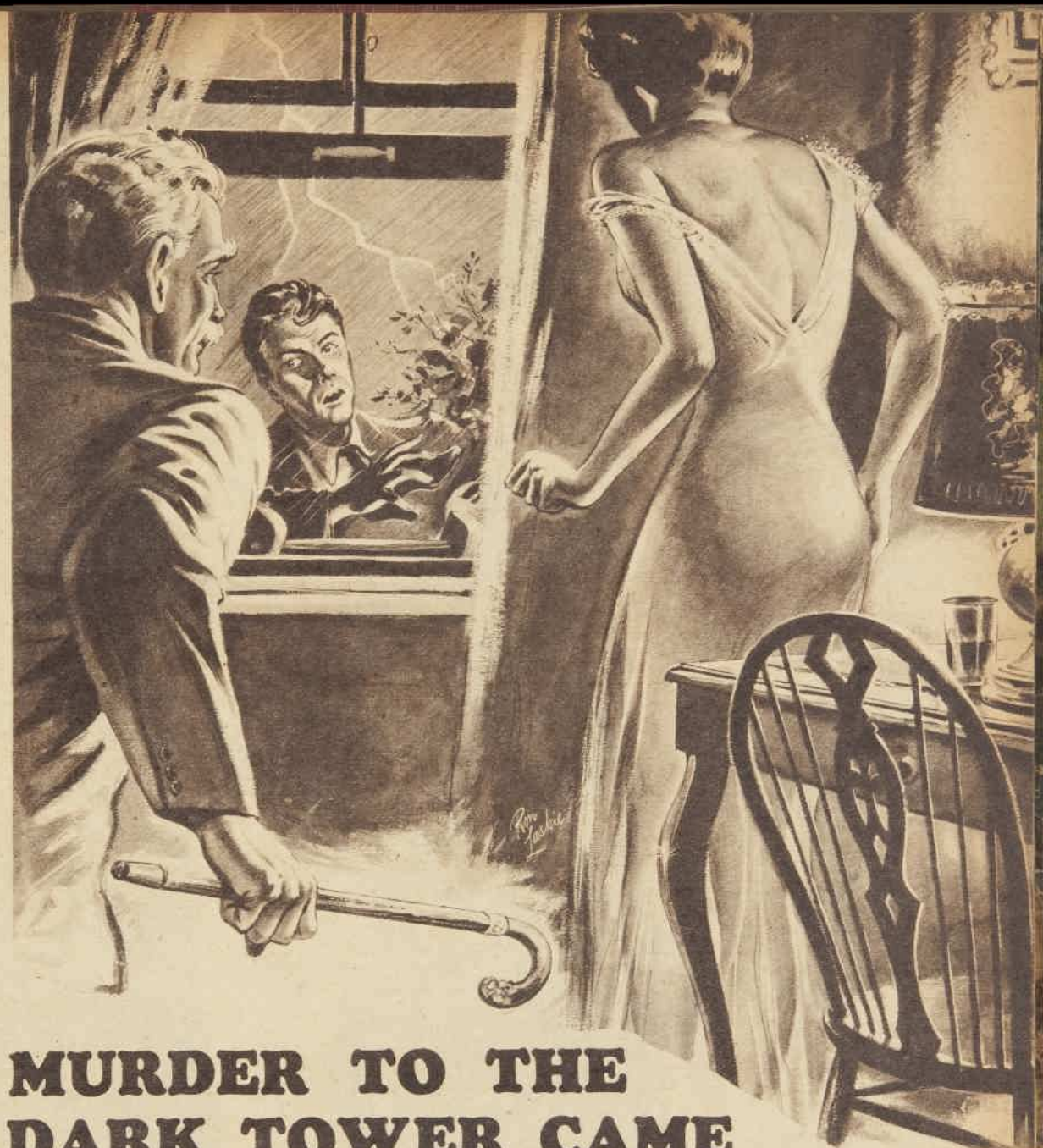
Lydia looked at the room again. In abstract value, considering the location, it was better than she'd hoped for. You could cook here, after a fashion. Why be morbidly sentimental? Or squeamish? And if you searched for months and found another place, how would you know that it too didn't have a past?

"I'll pay in advance for the first week," Lydia said doggedly.

He took her down to Number 1 and made out a receipt. There was a telephone in the lower hall, and on this Lydia phoned her mother.

"I've found a place," she said, not at all jubilantly, and she gave the street number. "Please send my trunk straight away."

The trunk came in mid-afternoon. Lydia took bedclothes from it, and



## MURDER TO THE DARK TOWER CAME

By Allan Vaughan Elston

made her bed. Her employers were giving her the day off to get settled.

At a nearby shop she stocked up with groceries, and arranged them in her cupboard. She opened windows to air the place. When she'd put a bright cloth on the table and scattered a few of her own things about, the room looked less uninviting.

Outside, the day turned grey, and rain began to drizzle again. Yesterday and the day before had been stormy. Lydia went out and drove her coupe to a parking-lot in the backyard.

A paved alley ran between two parallel streets. From the alley came a stocky man who limped slightly and carried a cane. He had white hair and a white moustache, and his face was a beetsteak-red.

He went limping across the backyard and entered the house.

Lydia went back up to her room. She heard a radio directly above her, and limping footsteps on the floor overhead. Her white-moustached neighbor, she concluded, had the garret tower room up there.

Someone knocked at her door, and a voice called: "May I come in, dearie?"

The woman she admitted was from the adjoining apartment—a lumpy woman with two chins. "Anything I can do to help you get settled, dearie? I'm Mrs. Gluck, from Number 5."

"Nice of you," Lydia said. "But I don't need a thing."

Mrs. Gluck bustled in anyway and overflowed a chair. "I always believe in being neighborly," she beamed. "I get lonesome myself in this morgue all day with Joe off in his truck."

"Your husband's a truck-driver?" Lydia asked politely.

She nodded. "Drives all day and sleeps like a log all night. If you hear him snoring, dearie, just tap on the wall."

Lydia smiled. "I'm sure it won't be necessary. My name's Sayres — Lydia Sayres."

Mrs. Gluck nodded, then asked in a rather awed voice, "Have you met the Major?"

"No," said Lydia. "Does the Major live in this house?"

Mrs. Gluck's voice dropped, and she gave a sharp meaning glance

upward. "Right over you, dearie. Major Albert Murdock. And I wouldn't have too much to do with him if I was you. Mrs. Whiting did. I mean, she played chess with him sometimes."

The woman's voice dropped to a whisper. "He was in here the night before last. Playin' chess, they were. I heard 'em. And the next morning she was dead."

Lydia didn't say anything. The Major, she assumed, was the white-moustached man she had seen with the cane.

"The police," Aggie Gluck confided, "think her husband done it."

But I wouldn't bet on it. Indeed I wouldn't, dearie. She threw another suggestive glance towards the ceiling. "Maybe it was someone else."

"The Major," Lydia inquired, "is in the Army?"

"Not now. But he's just as stiff as if he was on parade. And such airs he has! He treats people like they was dirt under his feet. Except anybody he can get to play chess with him. Nobody knew how, except Alma Whiting. She was a school-teacher, and smart. But she didn't let him come in very often."

*In the lightning's vivid flash, Lydia and Murdock saw the startled face of the man at the window.*

A chess game, Lydia thought would hardly provide a murder motive.

"I must say I admire your nerve, dearie. Sleepin' in that bad after what happened. Me, I'd be scared about it. But I can see you're not. And you just a slip of a girl!"

Lydia's chin went up a little. She didn't like being called a slip of a girl. She was sure, too, that she didn't like Mrs. Gluck.

"They say," her caller went on ominously, "that a murderer always comes back. To the scene of his crime, I mean. Although why he should be beyond me. Maybe he's afraid he left some clue, so he comes back to look. But I don't suppose he will this time."

"I'm sure he won't," Lydia said stiffly.

"It wouldn't do him any good," Mrs. Gluck said, "because the police spent all day yesterday going over the room. They took photographs. Then they carried the body out, and I said to Joe—"

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# Vicars

*Fine Fabrics  
Fine Wool*



★ JOHN VICARS & CO. PTY. LIMITED, MARRICKVILLE, N.S.W. ★

Manufacturers of fine wool textiles for women, men and children



# Never kiss 'em in the street

By ... JOSEPH WECHSBERG

*Cary in Paris found that French perfume went to his head—and a French girl went to his heart.*



**A**LWAYS when Monsieur Duval comes to my counter I know there's going to be trouble. Monsieur Duval is the floor-walker in charge of Section 19, at the Grand Boulevard department store. Cosmetics, lipsticks, lotions, facials, perfumes.

"Your neckline," Monsieur Duval said, clearing his throat. "It's too high, Colette. Monsieur le directeur told you girls many times that low necklines stimulate the sales of perfume."

"Monsieur le directeur is behind time," I said. "This is 1948. The Americans aren't here any more." The silly low-neckline regulation was first introduced when the American soldiers were in Paris.

"You want to be demoted to facials, Colette?" Monsieur Duval inquired.

"Oh, no, monsieur."

It had taken me long enough to make the perfume counter. I asked Marianne, my assistant, to take over for me and went back to change into my low-neckline uniform. When I came back, Marianne was frowning.

"That type over there asked for you. An American." There was faint reproach in her voice. Marianne and her brother Jean-Jacques are always trying to run my life, just because they are a few years older and grew up with me in Brittany.

"Mademoiselle Colette Boucher?" he said.

He was tall, and there was something in his voice that hit me below my low neckline. His eyes were gentle and soft.

"I'm Cary Lovett," he said.

His eyes were fixed on my neckline and he dropped his hat in confusion. I crossed my lapels and closed the snap which I wear for such emergencies. His eyes thanked me. I wanted to say something, but this was one of the rare moments in my life when I had run out of words. Colette Boucher, I said to myself, watch your step or you might get hurt.

"I came to Paris a few weeks ago. I'm a secretary at the American Embassy," he said. "A friend back home in Boston gave me your name in case I need any perfume. Jim, Jim Burns. You know, that blond, husky paratrooper. Came here a few weeks after the liberation."

"Monsieur," I said, gathering myself, "in the month following the liberation the Grand Boulevard had a million customers. Half of them were blond and husky soldiers named Jim, Jack, and Joe."

"Why, mademoiselle, you speak English," he said happily. "Now, about Jim—"

I said firmly, "I told you there were half a million Jims, Jacks, and Joes."

"But Jim isn't one out of a million. He took you out."

That was a big help. "Lots of them did, monsieur."

"But you don't understand. He—she's the one who wanted to marry you."

Should I tell him that one hundred and twenty-eight had wanted to marry me? I just couldn't. Cary—I was already thinking of him by his first name—was so nice. So different from all the others.

Marianne always says that Americans are too fast with women. I must admit it wasn't always easy for a girl like me who hadn't been in Paris long. I live with maman in a quiet street off the Boulevard Berber, and the neighbors think we are provincial. But some of our Frenchmen are just as fast as those Americans.

Take Jean-Jacques. He has a different girl every week. He must have taken out the entire second-floor staff of the Grand Boulevard—headery, women's underwear, slips.

"Well," I said, "how is Jim?"

"He's fine. Went back to Harvard. He's crazy about you. 'Cary,' he said to me, 'when you go to Gay Paree, you lucky so-and-so, kiss Colette for me.'"

"Why don't you?" I said, then was silent. What made me say a thing like that?

He blushed, and I bent across the counter. He smiled in his shy way, and then he bent forward and his lips brushed my cheek.

For a moment I felt as if I had swallowed two ounces of Delirium No. 3 perfume. When I looked up, I saw Monsieur Duval looking at me severely.

"About the perfume," I said loudly. "What will it be?" Monsieur Duval cleared his throat and departed.

"A birthday present," Cary said. "I want to send it to Boston."

"Something for—an elderly lady?"

"Well, not exactly. She's rather—rather like you."

"What color of eyes?" I asked mechanically, at the same time asking myself, "What did you expect, Colette Boucher? That this blushing Prince Charming was going to wait for you?"

"You have me there," he said, baffled.

I tried not to look at him. "We've got two wonderful creations. This is Delirium No. 3." I opened the sample bottle and rubbed my index finger against my neck. "Try it."

He hesitated for a moment, bent his head, hardly sniffed, and snapped back. "No," he said. "That's too—strong for Tweedles."

I would be sorry for any man whose girl is called Tweedles. "Try Innocent," I said. I took his hand and rubbed a drop of Innocent into his skin.

"That's fine," he said, then took a handkerchief and began frantically to rub out the perfume spot on his hand. "She's coming here next month. My family was against our getting married here in Paris, but Tweedles thought it was romantic. Tweedles always gets her way." He stopped in embarrassment. "I'm sorry to bother you. I don't know what's the matter with me. I never talk to strangers."

"It must be the perfume," I said. I wrote out the sales slip and gave him the carbox. "You pay over there," I said. "I'll wrap it for you."

I watched him as he walked to the cash register. Here I have been a patriotic ally toward all the Jims, Jacks, and Joes, and then comes the one I've been waiting for all my twenty-three years and he's engaged to a girl named Tweedles! I got so mad that I tore the string hard and it snapped; and so did something inside me.

There had been two bottles on the counter. Innocent was still there, which meant I must have wrapped Delirium No. 3. It was too late to do anything about it. Monsieur Duval was watching me again.

"Thanks," Cary said as I gave him the package. "I'll airmail it right away."

A fat woman customer stood waiting, but I took my time. My father had been right. If you want happiness, you've got to go after it. "Why don't you come for me one evening so we can talk about Jim?" I said boldly.

The fat woman shifted her feet. Cary nodded happily. "Sure, sure—that is—if Anatole has no objection."

"Anatole?"

"Sure. Your fiancé. Jim told me—"

Suddenly everything came back to me. A blond, husky, loud paratrooper who had been more persistent than the rest of them. He had taken me out dancing and sometimes he had discovered where I lived. After that he would come up, bringing us K-rations, chocolate bars, and coffee. He would sit by the kitchen stove with maman. He was a smart one. He knew I always listened to maman, so he went after her.

I didn't know how to get rid of him until I had a brainstorm and told him I was engaged to "Anatole," who was away.

Cary turned his hat in his hands. "Please explain to Anatole that this is not—a date. I'm supposed to—well, to study the French population. In the interest of mutual understanding between our two countries."

The fat woman had gone to com-

plain to Monsieur Duval and I saw them approach. I whispered, "Wait for me to-morrow night at five-thirty outside," and he left.

"Talking instead of waiting on the customers," the fat woman said nastily.

Monsieur Duval nodded gravely. "One more complaint, Colette, and you'll be back at facials," he said, but I didn't care. I was dreaming of my blushing Prince Charming.

I was first out the next evening when the bell rang at five-thirty. I had put Delirium No. 3 behind my ears, and I ran out and straight into Jean-Jacques' arms. He was probably waiting for one of his second-floor girl friends.

Jean-Jacques is a bus driver with a violent distaste for what he calls the over-privileged classes. He's always mixed up in mass meetings, manifestos, and demands for wage increases. He took me into his arms, as he always does, and gave me a loud kiss.

"Humm," he sniffed. "Sapristi, are you now selling perfume after working hours, Colette?"

*"Are people in Boston so very different from us?" Colette asked, gazing at Cary.*

I heard a soft cough and saw Cary, his face as red as Raspberry No. 4 lipstick. I said good-bye to Jean-Jacques and took Cary's arm.

"I hope," he said, pointing his head back, "that Anatole doesn't mind my taking you out?"

"Anatole?"

"The fellow who kissed you. That was your fiancé—wasn't he?"

I swallowed and nodded. How could I explain to him that Jean-Jacques was nothing but a bad childhood memory, like measles or cod-liver oil? How should he understand that people in Paris kiss one another in the street? Perhaps they don't do that in America.

"He looked mad," Cary said. "Like Tweedles when I took another girl to the dance."

We walked across the Place de l'Opera and sat down in one of the sidewalk cafes. It was getting dark. Near to us a boy put his arm round his girl and kissed her.

"After all," Cary was saying, "this isn't a date. It's a business discussion. I've got to talk to the French population. Suppose Anatole would come to Boston and wants to take out Tweedles—"

"Do we have to talk of Anatole and Tweedles all the time?" I asked sharply.

Cary sniffed. "That's a wonderful perfume you use."

Aren't men funny people? Only yesterday he'd said Delirium No. 3 wouldn't do for his fiancée, I thought of my father's advice.

"Are people in Boston so very different from us?" I asked. "Do they kiss each other in the streets?"

"They wouldn't dare, darling," he said, and sighed. "Darling," he'd said.

I manoeuvred myself towards him, very close. The scent of my Delirium No. 3 went to his head, and our lips met.

Please turn to page 30

Page 9





## Red Cross faces the tragedies of daily life

Despite the blue skies and the warm sunshine of our land, there is unbelievable suffering and sadness every hour of the day. Ex-Servicemen and their loved ones sick and financially broken, bread-winners and mothers stricken by dread tuberculosis, ex-Servicemen and civilians brought from the edge of death by transfusions of blood, blind and disabled soldiers training in hand-

crafts as a livelihood, old soldiers saved from the streets to spend their few remaining years in peace and comfort.

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## Variations on a suit theme

● Hattie Carnegie makes the charming ensemble at right. It is a grey flannel skirt and jacket, the skirt built up high at the waist, Empire fashion. The top is perfect for night time when the jacket is removed.

● American designer Phillip Mangone makes the dashing cape, extreme right, edged with processed broadtail lamb to wear over matching tailored topcoat, dress, or suit.

● Schiaparelli's big loose fingertip-length coat, above, is collared with fox and worn over a matching ribbed wool sheath dress with high choker neckline and bulky hip pockets.

● From America comes the interpretation of the cape ensemble, above. It is front-buttoned, waist-fitted, and has a cape top with matching skirt beneath a sheer wool blouse with cravat scarf.

● Piquet's closely woven wool jersey suit, at right, has a matching double-collared stole. One small collar stands up round the neck, the other big one makes a cape round the shoulders, and continues down the front to form stole.

● American inspired is the warm spectator outfit, above, done in coarsely woven tweed with a boxy, double-breasted coat collared in dark brown fur and a slim skirt.

● The soft tweed suit, at left, has a wide matching stole swathed and wrapped about it. Ends of the stole are heavily wool fringed. Tiny cloche hat is by American John Fredericks.

*Rene*





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**I—BURNT-OUT**  
settler Mat-  
thew O'Riordan  
(John O'Malley)  
and family plan  
new start. Out-  
growing their  
farm later, five  
O'Riordan sons  
decide to explore  
rich plateau in  
Queensland.



## SONS OF MATTHEW



**Australian film of  
jungle adventure**

"SONS OF MATTHEW," an original screen play, was written by producer-director Charles Chauvel and his wife, Elsa. It was inspired by Bernard O'Reilly's books "Cullenbenong" and "Green Mountain."

The film has taken more than two years to produce, and the magnificent jungle country of Southern Queensland provides most of the background.

Stars of the film are John O'Malley as Matthew O'Riordan; Thelma Scott as his wife, Jane; Michael Pate as the eldest son, Shane; and Wendy Gibb as Cathy McCallister.

Boxer Tommy Burns appears as Luke O'Riordan.

A bushfire, a jungle cyclone, a cattle stampede, and two fight scenes highlight the life story of a family between 1905 and 1930.

The film will be released by Universal International.

**4—CLIMB BEGINS** from the open country at the foot of the mountains, and gradually becomes steeper as the party, carrying its supplies, slowly winds its way towards the unknown jungle areas lying ahead.



**7—CAMPFIRE** conversation between Shane and Cathy en route to the plateau. Romance between the two is one of the features of the dramatic story which follows the adventures of five sons who are inspired by their parents to secure rich land in the dense scrub of Southern Queensland, which is uninhabited.





2—TOWNSHIP of Bithongabel, at foot of the Macpherson Range, is the supply-base where the five O'Riordan boys, their old friend Angus McCallister, and his daughter Cathy start on their long, dangerous climb to investigate the plateau.



3—READY TO LEAVE, the party includes (left to right): Terry (John Unicomb), Shane (Michael Pate), Barney (Ken Wayne), Jack Farrington (John Fegan), Cathy (Wendy Gibb), Mickey (John Wayne), Angus (Robert Nelson), and Luke (Tommy Burns).



5—CAREFUL WATCH is kept by leader of the party, Shane, as he and Barney struggle up the steep mountainside. Work in these scenes entailed considerable risk for all the players, but no doubles were used when the men and Wendy Gibb took their part in one of the most thrilling sequences of the film. They had to climb 1200 feet of rock.



6—ROAD'S END. This scene shows the road limit to which cameras and equipment could be transported by car. Flying-foxes had to carry material deeper in jungle.



8—JUNGLE HOME. The young settlers build their own shacks in the heart of the forest, and join in the heartbreaking task of keeping the jungle growth under control. A terrific cyclone nearly ruins all their efforts when they have established a clearing.



9—FAMILY FEUD. The fight between Shane and Barney, which takes place in a cave, results from jealousy over Cathy. The outcome influences the life of the five adventurous O'Riordans, and it brings ultimate happiness and success to them all.





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**T**HINKING it would be too dangerous to plead innocence, I admitted I knew what Gordon had done. "And why not?" I said. "He's good-looking. He's got a nice smile. He can ride a—"

"He can't act!"

"He doesn't have to," I said. "He couldn't improve on the way he is."

She made her lips tight. "You've ruined that boy's life! You've made him just another Hollywood cowboy!"

I didn't say anything.

"It's all your fault. You've spoiled everything, just to show what a smooth operator you are."

I thought it was pretty slick myself.

Marty said, "I hate you, Brad Roberts!" Then she reached across the desk and slapped me.

And then she began to cry.

"Marty," I said. I went round the desk and touched her shoulder.

"Marty," I said. This I hadn't figured on. "Cut it out, will you?"

She cried. She wiped at her face with a handkerchief and I got my own out and wiped my forehead.

"Marty, I'm sorry. I thought it was just a romantic dream," she cried.

I said, "Everybody wants to leave Hollywood and live on a ranch. Delaney talks about it. Walt Gordon talks about it. But nobody does anything."

Her shoulders were shaking. She had her hands up to her face.

Finally I said, "How could I guess you loved him?" I looked at her back. It was sunset and the light shined through the windows on to her hair and she was still crying.

I said "Okay, okay, okay. I'll fix it for you. Walt'll cut my throat, but I

## Drink to the Moon

Continued from page 4

can take care of him. Now come on and cut out the bawling."

"Wh-what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to marry you off to a cowboy," I said.

I took her arm and started for the door.

It was dark by the time we got to the airport. There was a breeze blowing and a full moon shining and the eastbound plane was warming up.

"We've got fifteen minutes," I said. "Are you sure this is right?"

"He left word for me to meet him here," she sounded like somebody else instead of Marty. That made us even—I didn't feel like Brad Roberts.

"Well," I said, "it's a nice night for flying."

She didn't answer. We sat there, not saying anything, and I didn't feel so good. I'd been scared enough before, but it hadn't seemed quite real.

This was real. This was happening. There was the plane and in fifteen minutes Marty would be on it with her cowboy. It was all over.

I said "Marty." Her head was bent so I couldn't see her face. Her hands twisted a little black and silver bag in her lap. The moon shone.

"Marty, I'm sorry it's ending like this. I don't want you to think I'm a complete heel."

She twisted the bag.

I said, "I only wanted you to be happy. We're still friends, aren't we?"

"Of course. It's all right."

## Friday's Child

Continued from page 5

**A**S he knew very well that he had not the least cause to regard Lord Wrotham with suspicion, Sherry allowed the question of his visit to drop.

An interview with his man of business, a few days later, provided his lordship with other, and more serious, affairs for thought.

Mr. Stoke felt it to be his duty to bring certain disagreeable facts to his lordship's notice. Since this interview followed on more than ordinarily heavy gambling losses, his lordship was not in his usual sunny spirits when he arrived at the Fakenham mansion in Cavendish Square.

"Scorched, dear old boy?" asked Mr. Fakenham.

Sherry grimaced at him.

"You'll come about," said Percy encouragingly. "Come and have a glass!"

Sherry went off with his cousin to try whether champagne punch would recruit his spirits. They would have taken Lord Wrotham along with them, but his lordship, whose expressive dark eyes were glowing with anticipation, declined to leave the ballroom.

But the evening was not destined to come up to Wrotham's expectations. Miss Milborne, receiving the bouquet of violets, was torn by conflicting emotions.

She could not but be touched by Wrotham's having taken such pains to obtain for her her favorite flowers, and she felt inclined to carry his offering in the ball, instead of the yellow roses left at the door earlier in the day with his Grace of Severn's compliments.

But several circumstances militated against this impulse.

In the first place, Wrotham had been inspired at the eleventh hour to send the flowers with the message: "Wear these, and I shall know what to think."

This was going too fast for Miss Milborne, who felt that until she herself knew what to think it would be better for his lordship to remain in his present uninformed state.

There was yet another consideration that led to George's violets being rejected. She was wearing a new gown of pale puce satin, and with this George's violets could not agree.

So she finally laid the violets aside, and pinned a spray of Severn's roses to her corsage, determining, as she did so, to soften the blow to

George by treating him with more than ordinary kindness.

Alas for such good intentions! No sooner did George clap eyes on those yellow roses than he turned pale, left the ballroom, and sought refuge in an adjoining drawing-room.

Hero, who had seen the whole incident, took the earliest opportunity of following him to his retreat. Her tender heart ached for the pain she knew him to be suffering.

She found him sitting moodily on a small sofa, and she clasped his hand between hers saying: "Dear George, do not heed it! Indeed, she could not have carried violets with that gown!"

"She is wearing Severn's roses," he replied.

"It can only be because they were more suited to that gown, George. I feel quite certain Severn has not engaged her affections."

He said in a hard voice: "She will marry him for his possessions, and his rank. It is plain enough."

"Oh, no! You are unjust, George! She has more heart than you believe."

"Once I believed—" He stopped, and dropped his head in his hands, with a groan. "It don't signify! I beg your pardon. I should not be boring on about my affairs. But you cannot know the anguish of having one's love scorned, indeed, I dare say hardly regarded!"

"Dear George, do not say so!" Hero besought him, putting up her hand to smooth his unruly locks. "I know—oh, I know! But do not allow yourself to think there is no hope of her affections animating towards you. It cannot be but that if one truly loves—" Her voice became suspended; she was obliged to wipe a tear from her cheek.

He put his arm round her, in a brotherly way, and gave her a slight hug. "Yes, yes, where there is a heart to be won, of course you are right Kitten! But in my case—I There, do not let us dwell upon it any longer! I am the greatest brute alive. I have made you cry."

She gave a shaky laugh. "Only for your sake, dear George! Indeed, I am the happiest creature imaginable, in—in general!"

He turned her face up. "Are you? I hope you may be, for you deserve to be."

Please turn to page 21

"It isn't all right. Something's bothering you."

She said, "Sharp, aren't you?" But there wasn't any bite in it.

I looked at her for a minute. "If you're worrying about the cowpuncher, don't. He'll be here."

I waited, but she didn't ask me how I knew. I told her anyway.

"While you were packing I got in touch with Walt. And there's no contract. It seems Fallon isn't a real cowboy after all. He can't sing."

I watched her face. It didn't even rate a flicker. At least I was trying, wasn't I?

I said, "Snap out of it, sweetheart. You're getting everything you wanted. Why don't you laugh? Why don't you dance and play?"

She still didn't say anything. I gave up trying. I couldn't think of any funny stories and I didn't hear any gay dance music playing anywhere.

All the time I kept thinking about the night I'd met Marty, a tall, slim girl in black and the moon on her hair and the waves coming in and breaking and washing out again.

She was wearing black to-night, too, only this time everything seemed to be washing out. The game was over and it was time to cash in the chips.

"A good moon," it came out soft and if it was a little bitter, too, I couldn't help it. "A good moon and a good life."

Then she turned and looked at me and her arm went back and came forward and she slapped my face.

I said "Hey! What's the idea?"

She was half-turned in the seat to face me and her face was pale and tight.

She said "I could slap you and slap you and slap you!"

She probably could, at that. I was in no shape to defend myself.

"But why?" I said. "What's the matter with you to-night?"

"Why? Why?" Her eyes were dark shadows and her lip began to tremble. "What's the m-matter?"

"What are you trying to say? Make sense, Marty."

"You're sending me away," she said, crying. "And I don't want to go. I want to stay with you. I can't stand it. Oh, Brad—"

I sat there. My brain went around. I was sending her away.

"But, baby, you said—"

I stopped. I took a deep breath. Some day I'd sit down and work it out with a pencil and paper. Right now, though, a little action was indicated.

I knew some that would be convincing.

After a minute I thought about something. I raised my head.

Marty said, "What's the matter, darling?"

"Just one thing," I said. "The cowboy."

We looked at each other. There were shadows in Marty's eyes and I guess in mine, too. It was a rotten deal for Fallon. A poor innocent cowpuncher who'd come all the way from Oklahoma to marry Marty and what was he getting?

"Maybe he doesn't really love me," Marty said. She sounded hopeful.

"He never said anything."

"It's a dirty trick," I said. "I ought to—"

I stopped. A cab pulled up behind us and a long tall guy in a cowboy hat got out. This was it. Marty and I climbed out of the convertible.

Fallon looked uncomfortable.

"Jim," Marty said. "I don't know what to say. But you see—Brad and I—"

She stopped. A girl was coming out of the cab behind Fallon, a girl with million-dollar legs.

"Delaney!" I said. "What are you doing here?"

She smiled, all wistful and dreaming. She said, "Darling, I'm so proud and happy!"

Fallon's face wrinkled up in that grin. He was just a poor innocent cowpuncher, a lamb among wolves, and if I ever met another one I hope I've got sense enough to run.

He grinned at us. He put his arm around Delaney and lifted her hand so we could see the ring.

"Meet the missus," he said.

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MAA3-48



# Anthony Eden is complete British statesman



ANTHONY EDEN emphasises a point to staff reporter Georgina O'Sullivan during interview in the Newcastle train. Mr. Eden said this is one of the few personal interviews he has given a reporter in 25 years of public life.

## Handsome, suave, he knows just what's expected of him

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN, staff reporter

When I interviewed Anthony Eden on a train travelling between Sydney and Newcastle, I talked with a man who was keener to volunteer information about his son at Eton than to discuss world affairs.

At his crowded Press conference an hour after his arrival in Australia, I watched a man who knows exactly how to handle pressmen's tricky questions.

WHEN I heard him address a representative gathering of over a thousand people at a luncheon, I heard a man who has mastered the art of dignified public speaking without being in any way a great orator.

Anthony Eden is obviously the complete British statesman. In addition to his natural ability, he knows precisely what is expected of him.

A well-turned-out Englishman, without any peculiarities, he has been in public life a long time, and has obviously learnt much.

He knows his public; he knows what to say and when to say it.

He also knows that Australians expect to see him in his famous Homburg hat.

"I always wear a Homburg—when I wear a hat, which isn't often at home. But I must wear my Homburg while I'm in Australia. It's expected of me."



DISEVELLED BUT HAPPY. A tour of the R.H.P. Steelworks at Newcastle on a warm, windy day tails for a short-sleeved, open-necked shirt.

During my interview with him on the Newcastle Flyer, Mr. Eden told me that throughout his 25 years of public life he had steadfastly refused to grant private interviews to the Press.

He is an extremely pleasant man to talk to.

He told me that life as a public figure is inevitably strenuous.

"A tour like this is immensely interesting, but one always finds one would like a day or two more in each place," he said.

"There's always so much to see."

Mr. Eden is handsome in the tall, slim, R.A.F. manner.

His fast-greying hair is thick and the right length, his broad forehead and his nose are pretty well perfect, and his blue eyes are alive.

The trim moustache covers slightly prominent teeth.

He dresses in excellent taste and wears his clothes well, but, even allowing for the wear and tear of travel, he is not so impeccably dressed as you might have expected.

There is nothing of the dandy about him. His suits are double-breasted, with trousers that lean towards the stove-pipe fashion of bygone days. His tan shoes are worn, and neatly, but not too highly polished.

He follows the current English fashion of wearing tan shoes with a navy suit.

His ties match his socks and tone with whatever suit he wears.

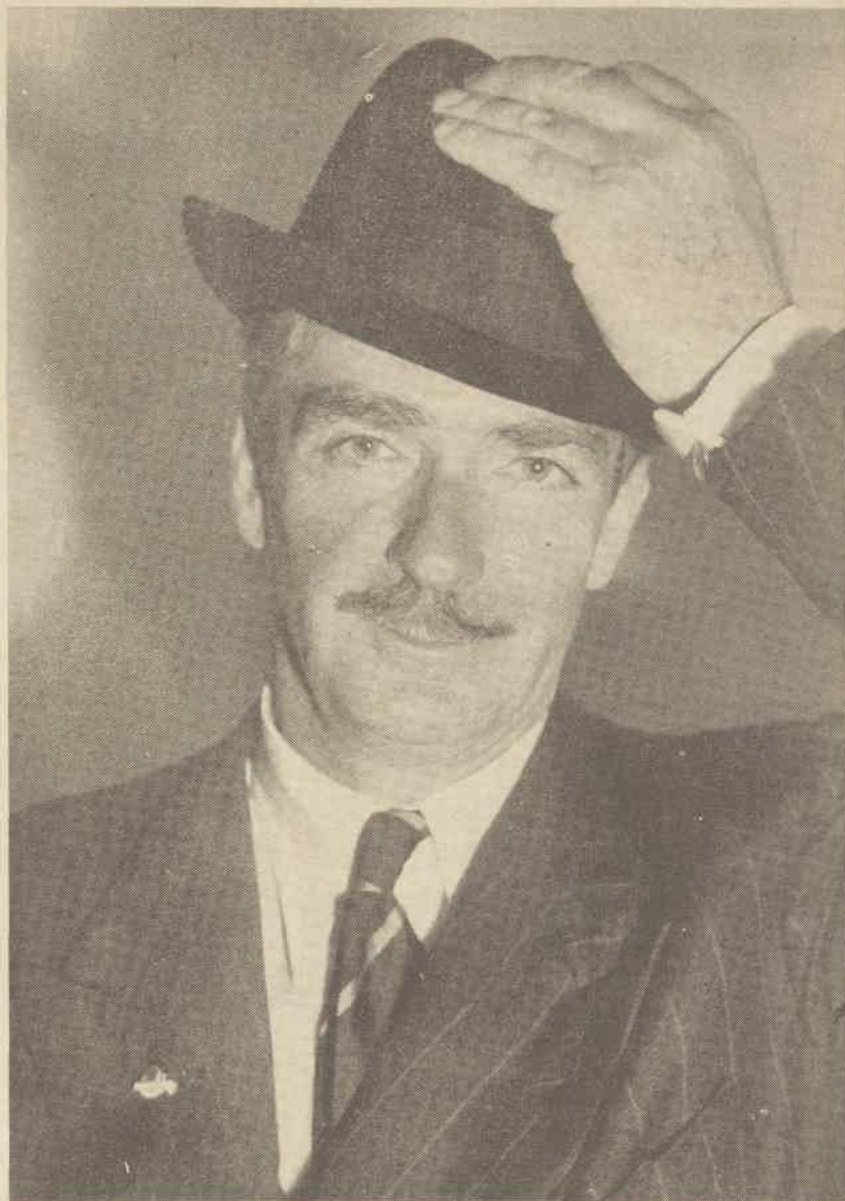
He has a small scar over his left eyebrow, and may be conscious of it, for when he arrived at the Rose Bay flying base he exclaimed to a photographer who was taking a "close-up": "Here, not too close with that."

He doesn't like camera flashlights exploding while he is talking, but asks photographers to take their pictures during the minute or so before he begins his speech.

When not talking, he poses quite amiably for them.

The full dignity of the man is apparent when he addresses formal gatherings. When he mounts a rostrum, dons his horn-rimmed spectacles, and speaks of the part the British Commonwealth can play in trying to establish world unity, you see very clearly the Foreign Secretary who wanted to stand up to Hitler and Mussolini.

In the interview he was vague



HULLO, AUSTRALIA! Anthony Eden lifts his hat to Australia after his arrival at Rose Bay Flying Base. He is on a two months' tour of The British Commonwealth.

about outstanding personalities among the people he has met in his long career because "there have been so many," but he was willing to chat about his contemporaries at Eton and Oxford.

"A great many of the most promising fellows from Eton were killed in the First World War, but others have made names for themselves in public life," he said.

Classmates he called to mind were fellow Parliamentarian Sir Thomas Dugdale and the Earl of Scarborough.

"Lord Scarborough was in Australia a year after my last visit in 1923, and he was later Governor of Bombay," Mr. Eden told me.

"He's godfather to my boy and I'm godfather to his girl."

### To visit all States

OUTSTANDING memories of his last visit to Australia are two short holidays on sheep stations.

One was spent on one of the properties owned by the well-known N.S.W. family of Falkiners, and the other was on a station which he thinks was called Corroboree.

"I really enjoyed those holidays, and I saw them doing the shearing," he said.

"This time I'm going to see some of the country in each State, and I want to visit Western Australia more fully, because I only got as far as Kalgoorlie last time."

Mr. Eden thinks Sydney has

"grown enormously" since his previous visit.

"It's twice as large as it was, and it has a charm all its own," he declared.

"You can't say it's like New York or London, because it's not. It's entirely itself."

While in Australia Anthony Eden hopes to see some of the British migrants who have come out in the past few months.

"I want to see how they're getting on," he said. "I'm interested in other matters, too, but that's one of my main interests."

"I'm also here to meet as many people as I can, as informally as I can, to hear what they have to say."

"What the man in the street thinks is helpful to me."

Mr. Eden's elder son was killed while serving with the R.A.F. in Burma in 1945.

He introduced the subject of his other son himself.

"My boy at Eton is eighteen and just about to go into the Army for his period of military service. It's compulsory at home, you know."

"He wanted to come on this trip with me, but I'm afraid he has work to do. He's going on to Oxford, but I don't know what he'll do—I'll leave that to him."

"I write articles myself," he volunteered. "How long is this one going to be?"

When I told him he turned to his travelling companion, Commander Alan Noble, British M.P., and said: "Go on and tell her all about yourself. Then she can write all about you and only a bit about me."

Which, of course, is impossible, because the Commander is the personification of a reserved Englishman. Anthony Eden consults him often, and, though his replies are not audible to anyone else but Eden, he seems to have at his fingertips whatever information is required.

For a recognised up-and-coming Member of Parliament, the 40-year-old Commander has little to say about himself.

He is content to leave the limelight to one of the world's handsomest statesmen.



The hat!



## SNOWY RIVER PLANS

**H**ARNESSING of Snowy River waters for power and irrigation has been a vision splended to Australians of several generations.

Romance has always surrounded the very name. It conjures up visions of vast timbered ranges, paddocks full of highland flowers, trout leaping in snow-fed streams whose abundant waters could transform millions of acres.

Whenever drought ravaged the south-eastern states, people would say: "Now, if they'd only use the Snowy waters..."

Keen young planners and engineers who liked to get things done grew into greybeards and went to join their forefathers, but still the Snowy waters flowed wastefully away to the sea.

Now action is promised on a plan ambitious enough to satisfy the wildest dreamer.

But the reality has a nightmare edge. It is a sad pointer to the state of the world that the urge to action comes largely from defence considerations.

With the Snowy harnessed, Australia would be able to play a greater part in war than ever before, to-day's planners say. The romantic mountains through which it flows can be honey-combed with bolt-holes against atomic attack.

Joy in the promise of a great achievement is sadly tempered by this hint of a war that must certainly make all human achievement futile.

### THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"Where do you suppose the rabbit tracks went?"

# WORTH Reporting

**M**R. ROBERT LODGE, general manager of a British cosmetics firm, who is now in Australia, says he has a "formula of thought" for the housewife who thinks of herself as one of a million hard-worked women.

"Every woman is unique," says Mr. Lodge, who believes in approaching beauty from the psychological angle. There is only one you in the world. No woman chooses her looks, but she may illumine them from within by her thoughts. Thoughts can do wonders.

"I suggest that just for a short while each day you (the housewife) should lie down, bring out all the worries for the day, go over them, then forget them for 24 hours."

"Here is a theory which I have proved!"

Mr. Lodge looked at us with his grey-blue eyes, spread his well-shaped fingers, and ticked off the points of his theory.

"First, lie down. Then say to yourself, 'My mind, relax, relax, relax; my eyes, relax, relax, relax; my face, relax, relax, relax; my neck, relax, relax, relax; my body, relax, relax, relax; my arms and legs, relax, relax, relax; my hands, relax, relax, relax; my feet, relax, relax, relax.'"

"When you have said this you really are relaxed."

In fact, we were feeling so drowsy that it was hard to keep writing down what Mr. Lodge said.

"You must be mentally satisfied with your job, whether it's in the home or outside," he went on. "If a woman doing a housewife's job on a limited income feels she is doing the utmost good, she can look beautiful. You can't kid your inner conscience."

Dangerously wounded in World War I when 18, Mr. Lodge was classified 100 per cent. unfit by the Army. "I owe my life to Australian women," he told us. "Women of the 18th Australian General Hospital in France."

"At that time I proved the value of constructive thinking which pulled me through when men, less badly wounded, despaired, gave up hope, and died."

The Lodge family, Mrs. Lodge, Mary Patricia, 21, and Jill Christine, 16, all follow this theory.

Mary Patricia, who works at the B.B.C. is tall, blonde, with a fair skin and loves people; while Jill Christine, still at school, is a skilled pianist. Mrs. Lodge, a brunette with lovely eyes, is sensitive and charming. Mr. Lodge told us.

"Thoughts," explained Mr. Lodge, "are like stations on the radio. You select a station to listen to. In the human radio you must adjust your thoughts and tune in to other harmonious ones."

### Hospitality

A MEMBER of our London staff attended the Molyneux collection and the cocktail party which followed. She was wearing a black baroque topcoat under a three-quarter black goatskin cape, and carried a large matching fur muff which she tucked under her arm while she held her glass and sandwich.

A charming vendee came along with a tray of potato crisps, and glanced at the screwed-up muff under our reporter's arm.

"Perhaps your dear little dog would like one too," she said kindly.



"His lay-or-else policy is making me nervous!"

### Hat drive

**T**HE Millinery Information Centre in London is placarding London's undergrounds, trains, and buses with pictures and verses designed to encourage more women to wear hats.

Our London office sent us some samples. One, showing a pretty girl in an attractive hat, runs: "Whether you are tall and fair, Whether you are round or square, You may be even sweet and neat. Yet no man offers you a seat. The reason then is clearly that You would look PRETTIER in a hat."

Otheringles describe the kinds of hats that suit various faces and have drawings to illustrate the point. It's amusing, reports our London office, to see women in tubes and buses glancing at the pictures and verses, and looking furtively in their handbag mirrors.

The propaganda is effective because some women have discarded scarves and brought hats after studying the posters.

A CYNICAL young man we know turned out a neat epigram to describe a vegetable marrow. "Most and insipid—like a sister's kiss," he cracked.

### New teaching aid

**A**FTER four years' work, a 36-year-old, 18-stone former Adelaide schoolteacher has produced a book that he says will remove children's fear of sums.

He is Mr. John Flanagan and his book, "Numbers," will be in the hands of 250,000 New South Wales schoolchildren by the middle of the year.

Children attending primary schools in other States will most likely have the book soon after the distribution is made in New South Wales.

"Numbers" is meant for use by children of eight to 13 years of age. Its author and its publisher, Mr. Allan Stewart, believe that it can revolutionise the teaching of simple arithmetic in primary schools.

They say that it is best described as a "dictionary of numbers" or a "drill-book of numbers."

Most schoolteachers, they point out, spend hours constructing charts of tables for the blackboard.

This book sets out charts in every possible combination of numbers, gives charts of questions and answers.

Each child and the teacher will have a book, thus making blackboard work unnecessary.

"One of the greatest advantages of 'Numbers' is that the child himself can check his answer," Mr. Flanagan told us.

The book will be distributed free, as it carries sufficient national advertising to cover its cost.

The publisher has already tried it out on his five-year-old son, who, he says, is already "one" ahead of children of his age in adding and subtracting.

In May, Mr. Stewart and Mr. Flanagan will go abroad to make arrangements for overseas publication.

As well as compiling "Numbers," Mr. Flanagan has invented a dishwashing machine, a miniature perpetual calendar, a gadget that sets sums, and, at the request of a Melbourne business man, a machine that will give the number of days between any given dates.

**O**NE of the stories going the rounds in England about the National Health Scheme is that of the wife who rushes up the stairs to her sick husband saying, "The doctor's just coming up. He wants you to have your tongue out ready and your pulse handy. He's got fifty other calls to make."

### Model makers

**W**E went down the other day to have a look at the model luxury harbourside hotel, cabin camp scheme, summer and winter snow-fields hostel, and self-service snow-field family cabins and clubhouse to be exhibited next month by the N.S.W. Department of Tourist Activities and Immigration.

The idea of the exhibition is to find out the public reaction to long-range tourist-attracting proposals on which the department is now busy.

A team of three young Sydney ex-servicemen, working under the name of Pinecraft, had made the models in their Crow's Nest workshop. They are Bruce and Ross Usher and their partner, former war artist Dennis Adams.

"We'll take on making a model of anything," Bruce told us. "The only thing the boys draw the line at is making curtains or upholstery. We farm that out to mother."

"Often trees are part of the general plan. According to the climate and type of tree, we use steel wool, sawdust, or fine cork painted."

Golden privet hedges and flowers in general are made from sponge rubber. At one time the boys used glass to depict water. Now they chip-carve wood in ripples, paint it bluish-green. They used perspex for windows.

For snow, figuring in the forthcoming exhibition, they use plaster of paris.

"When we don't want to use plaster of paris, we have a company secret called 'Glue,'" Bruce told us. The men regard "Glue" as one of their biggest business assets.

Cars, trucks, speedboats, and human figures are carved by the boys out of wood.

"We're conscious of the 'new look' but don't read the fashion books," Bruce told us. "We get over the idea we want to convey by using appropriate colors—bright for holiday resorts, something more workmanlike for factories."

**W**E hear that some young married couples in Melbourne play poker, not for money but for work.

One husband counted it a lucky evening when he won from a neighbor two hours' lawn-mowing and an evening's baby-sitting.

### Flying home

**T**HREE Australians, Ian R. Brown, David Smith, and Beryl Bonfield, are flying from England to New South Wales in a Proctor plane which Mr. Brown bought in England.

They are all contributing to the cost of 1000 gallons of petrol (£200), but say that it's a cheap trip.

Ian Brown is making the flight partly on business. On the way he is making 33 stops, canvassing for orders for a new type of amphibian aircraft to be produced by a British firm, Sponsons Development Ltd.

He hopes to make enough money from the orders to pay for the plane, into which he sank most of his capital.

Ian went to England about six months ago to study civil aviation. David is an engineering student at Sydney University, worked his way over as engineer in a Swedish freighter, and wants to finish his last year at the University this year.

Beryl, who was a nurse with the Australian Army during the war, went to England 12 months ago to visit her sister, who is married to an Englishman.

Both Ian and David served in the R.A.A.F. during the war and on the flight combine the duties of pilot and navigator. Ian is 28 and David 24.

# Interesting People



**PROFESSOR L. S. P. DAVIDSON**  
... King's physician in Scotland  
PHYSICIAN to King in Scotland.

Lecturer in Medicine at Edinburgh University, Professor Stanley Davidson has been there on three weeks' lecture at invitation of Australian Post Graduates Federation in Medicine. He has lectured and written widely on rheumatoid arthritis, iron deficiency, anaemia, diseases of the spleen, and nutrition. His father, Sir Leybourn Davidson, was great benefactor to Aberdeen University Medical School.



**MISS MINA SHELLEY**  
... talent scout

**C**OMING from theatrical family dating back to reign of Charles II, Miss Mina Shelley has returned from nine months' trip abroad, during which she saw 140 plays, ballets, and operas. In London she had conferred on her a rare degree from Institute of Mime; was also made Australian representative of Authors' Guild of Ireland, who handle plays performed by famous Abbey Theatre. During war was Entertainments Director for Commonwealth Loans.



**COLONEL GEORGE CANET**

... a soldier does tapestry  
**A**TENDING a British school of land-air warfare is Colonel George Canet, former director of personnel administration at Army H.Q., Melbourne. On return he becomes assistant commandant and chief instructor of transport support in Land-Air Warfare School, Williamstown, N.S.W. Sydney University graduate in engineering and Duntroon trainee, Colonel Canet's hobby is tapestry, an interest that he shares with his wife.





**LONDON WEDDING.** Lieut. John Sainford Bostock, R.N., and his bride, formerly Terry Odillo Maher, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. Odillo Maher, of Double Bay, leave St. James' Church, Spanish Place, after their recent marriage. John is son of Commander J. Bostock and Mrs. Bostock, Kent.

## Intimate Pottings

**LONG-DISTANCE** telephone wires are as busy as country girls announce engagements this week.

Of interest to polo fans is engagement of Judith Payne and Wallace White, a member of the Muswellbrook team. Judith is second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Payne, of Waverley, Gundy, and Wallace is younger son of Mrs. White, of Martindale, Devonian, and the late Mr. H. H. White.

Family party is held to celebrate engagement of Margaret McAlister and Bob Cameron, members of two well-known Guyra families. Margaret, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. A. McAlister, of Glenowall, is wearing three-stone diamond engagement ring given her by Bob, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Cameron, of East Gowie.

Plans for May wedding are made on announcement of engagement of Isobel Manton, of Wollongong, to Dick Solling, of Iolanthe Garah. Isobel is youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. Manton, and Dick is elder son of Dr. and Mrs. F. P. N. Solling, of West Maitland. As Dick cannot leave his property because of summer bushfire threat, engagement celebrations are postponed indefinitely. Isobel continues her nursing career at Wollongong.

**DIAMOND** solitaire engagement ring, gift of Jim Gauld, only son of Mrs. Gauld, of Caloola, Tottenham, and the late Mr. R. L. Gauld, is worn by Elaine Richardson, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Richardson, of Goominbah Trangle. Elaine and Jim, who live on properties only 22 miles apart met in Sydney last year when Elaine missed her train home after holidaying in town, and was introduced to Jim by a friend.



**FIRST VISIT** to Australia for Viscountess Leverhulme and daughter Jill Lee Morris, who has just finished her schooling at Roedean. Will stay at Australia Hotel.



**AFTER-SHOW PARTY.** The Chief Justice, Sir John Latham, chats with Louise Barnhart, of the cast of "Oklahoma!", at U.S. Consulate party after premiere of the show at His Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne.



**DIPLOMAT'S DAUGHTER WEDS.** Mrs. Robert Hembly-Scates, formerly Tania Teppema, daughter of the Netherlands Minister, Mr. Peter Teppema, and Madame Teppema, greets Mr. Hughes at her wedding reception. Her husband is beside her.

**SCHOOL DAYS** Viennese pen-friend, Emilia Mayer, will meet Joyce Blomley and her mother, Mrs. A. M. Blomley, of Rose Bay and Bareena, Rywood, Queensland, when they visit Europe mid-year. They sail to England in Mooltan in June, and intend to return in Stratheden in November. Joyce first wrote to Emilia, to improve her German, when at Santa Sabina College before the war. The war interrupted the correspondence for eight years, but twelve months ago a letter arrived from Emilia renewing friendship.



**AT PICKWICK CLUB.** Peter Gilbert and his bride, formerly Mary Yates, youngest daughter of Mrs. N. R. Yates, of Clifton Gardens.



**U.S. CONSULATE, Melbourne,** is chosen for "Oklahoma!" party given by U.S. Ambassador and his wife. From left: Mrs. Myron M. Cowen, Ambassador Myron M. Cowen, Lady Dixon, producer Ted Hammerstein, and leading lady Carolyn Adair.



**ENGAGED.** Hildegard Malmgren, only daughter of Mrs. Malmgren, of Melbourne, and fiance John Bleakley, of Sydney, celebrate at dinner. Couple will wed on May 4 at Shore Chapel.



**OLD GIRLS' DANCE.** Mrs. Tom Bateman and Jane Rhodes, members of committee arranging Loveto Convent, Kirribilli, Old Girls' Hall at the Trocadero on March 14.

**INTERESTED** to discover from Hon. Claude Hope Morley, who is visiting Sydney with Lady Dorothy Hope Morley and their daughter Lorna, that Hobart is pronounced "Hubbert." It is an old family name, and the capital of Tasmania was named after Lord Hobart, an ancestor. The Hope Morleys are making the Australia Hotel their headquarters after having visited Melbourne, Ballarat, and Tasmania.

**POSTPONED** honeymoon for recently wed Jim and Deirdre Ireland will be a tour of Europe, after they visit Jim's parents at Carlisle, Lanarkshire, Scotland, where the young couple will eventually make their home. Jim is at present in Hongkong, but is due back in Australia this month, and he and Deirdre will immediately set sail for Scotland. Deirdre's father, Group-Captain W. J. Duncan, O.B.E., has returned to Canton, China, after flying down for the wedding. Group-Captain Duncan is adviser to the Governor of South China.

**FLYING** trip to Fremantle for Mr. and Mrs. Ralph King, of Gordon, to meet daughters Audrey and Janet, returning from England in the Orion. Parents join girls in ship for trip round coast to Sydney. Audrey and Janet hurry home to be present at April wedding of their brother, Gordon King, to Jeanette Poate, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Poate.

**HOMESTEAD** building in progress on Harry Denton's Manildra property, as yet unnamed, goes ahead while he and his bride, the former Laura Barnes, are honeymooning. Laura, third daughter of Mrs. S. Barnes, of Ormeo, Eugowra, and the late Mr. E. J. Barnes, and Harry, only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Denton, of Manildra, are wed at St. Mack's, Darling Point, this week. Laura's sister Amanda, Harry's sister Nancy, and little Pamela Roberts are pretty attendants of bride, with best man Pat Wilson and groomsmen Pat Barnes.

**BRIEFLY:** Scone polo player Noel Pinkerton and his wife, Pat, are receiving congratulations on the birth of their daughter, whom they call Miriam Noelle, and who is first grandchild for Colonel and Mrs. Don Cameron, of Glenmore, Upper Rousheli. Dodging the country heat, Tom and Mary Corcoran, of The Elms, Binalong, stay at the Coogee Bay Hotel. They spend most days sailing or surfing. Owen and Jim Hibernson, down from Canberra, combine a week's holiday in town with outfitting daughter Dierdre, who is new boarder at Rose Bay Convent. Tom and Ditha Croft, of Warren, are receiving congratulations on arrival of a son, Jasper David. Baby's mother was formerly Ditha Westgarth, of Scone.

Georgie



# MIDDLE-AGED MAN OFFERS ADVICE

TO FATHER

AND SON



*Cleanse  
your  
system  
with*

## RHEUMATISM CAN BE CURBED BY KRUSCHEN SALTS

Never forget that, for a body to have the best chance of escaping all kinds of ailments, it is far more important for it to be clean on the inside than outside.

As we grow older our bodily functions tend to slow down. The liver and kidneys, for instance, may function less efficiently and no longer keep the system fully cleansed of its poisonous wastes.

Kruschen Salts are a skilful combination of six natural salts. These salts stimulate the liver and wash out the kidneys and help them to keep the system free of poisonous wastes. A clean internal system keeps the bloodstream clean and healthy. Gone are the causes that may lead to such ailments as

- RHEUMATISM • ACHING JOINTS
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### DOSAGE FOR SUFFERERS:

Sufferers from rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis, backache, and aching joints need one teaspoonful of Kruschen in a tumbler of hot water each morning before breakfast.

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Keeping the system cleansed is easy.

All that is needed is to take as much Kruschen Salts as will cover a sixpence in the first cup of tea or coffee each morning. This small amount of Kruschen is quite tasteless when taken that way, yet it has an invigorating tonic effect.

It helps keep the liver and kidneys working efficiently. The system is kept free of poisonous wastes; your health improves and you feel better than ever; you feel more "wide awake."

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# Friday's Child

SHE smiled mistily, and because it seemed the natural thing to do under the circumstances he bent his head and kissed her.

There was nothing at all passionate in this embrace, and Hero had no hesitation in receiving it in the spirit in which it was clearly meant. Unfortunately, Sherry chose this precise minute to walk into the room with Percy and Mr. Ringwood. Having imbibed enough champagne punch to restore him to his usual buoyancy, he had recollected his duty, and was looking for his wife, to do her the honor of dancing with her.

He was indebted to Mr. Ringwood for the knowledge of her whereabouts, but it is doubtful if either Mr. Ringwood or Percy would have accompanied him on his quest had they known in what a situation he was to find his bride.

He arrived in excellent time to see Lord Wrotham, quite oblivious of his presence, bend his head to kiss Hero's pretty lips. One moment he stood transfixed, the next he uttered a crashing oath and took a hasty stride forward.

Mr. Ringwood, recovering from his own stupefaction, closed with him just as George, flushing vividly, sprang to his feet.

"Sherry!" Mr. Ringwood said warningly. "Dear boy, remember where you are! You can't choke George to death here!"

George folded his arms, awaiting events with a sparkle in his eye. Hero, faintly surprised by her careless husband's extraordinary behaviour, said without the least trace of discomposure: "Why, Sherry, what is the matter? Were you looking for me?"

"Yes, I was!" replied Sherry, wrenching free from Mr. Ringwood's grasp. "Gil, let go!"

Percy, who had been standing with his mouth open, staring, suddenly offered his arm to Hero with a graceful bow. "Let me escort you back to the ballroom!" he said.

"Yes, but—Sherry, you must not mind George's kissing me!" said Hero, looking from one to the other in a little dismay. "Indeed, there was not the least harm in it, was there, George?"

"Dear Kitten," promptly replied George, bowing with even more grace than Percy, "there was much pleasure!"

Horried at such provocative behaviour, Percy exchanged one startled glance with Mr. Ringwood, and bore Hero out of the room.

"Of course there wasn't any harm in it!" said Mr. Ringwood. "All the same, you oughtn't to kiss Sherry's wife, George, and as for you, Sherry, if you hadn't drunk so much champagne punch you'd have more sense than to kick up a dust over—dash it, you know what I mean? She's as innocent as a new-born lamb!"

"She!" the Viscount ejaculated. He rolled a fiery eye at Wrotham. "I don't need you to tell me my wife's innocent. I thank you, Gil! But as for that—that rake, that wolf in sheep's clothing—"

"No, dash it, Sherry!" protested Mr. Ringwood. "All a mistake. George wouldn't—"

The Viscount ignored this helpful intervention, and cast to the winds the guiding principle which had carried him seatless through years of intimacy with Lord Wrotham.

"Name your friends, my lord!" he said fiercely.

"Sherry!" almost wailed Mr. Pakenham, coming back into the room. "Consider, dear boy! Not yourself! Pay no heed to him, George!"

Lord Wrotham, however, replied promptly: "With the greatest pleasure! Gil, will you serve me?"

"You can't have Gil!" exclaimed the Viscount hotly. "I'm going to have him myself!"

"Oh, no, you ain't!" retorted George, abandoning his heroics. "You can have Percy."

"I shall name both Percy and Gil," said the Viscount loftily.

"Well, you won't, because I've spoken Gil already."

"Dash it, you must have other friends besides Gil!" said Sherry.

"I have, but if you haven't enough

Continued from page 15

sense to keep this affair between the four of us, I have!" said George.

"Something in that, Sherry, dear old boy," said Percy wisely. "Won't do to spread it about George has been kissing your wife. If you must call him out—but mind you, I'm not in favor of it—I'll act for you, and between us Gil and I will fix it up all right and tight. But mind this, George! If you choose pistols you're not the man I thought you!"

"Well, I shall," said George instantly.

"Let him choose what he likes; it makes no odds to me!" said Sherry grandly. "I shall send Mr. Pakenham to wait on your second, my lord, and let me tell you that I consider it a curst mean trick of you to name Gil before I had a chance to do so myself!" He stalked from the room.

It was laid down in the Code of Honor that the first duty of the seconds in an encounter was to do all that lay in their power to bring about a reconciliation between their principals, and never did seconds use greater endeavors in this direction than Mr. Ringwood and the Honorable Percy Pakenham.

Indeed, neither of those gentlemen confined his powers of persuasion to his own principal; severally, and together, they exhorted and cajoled both would-be combatants.

Their efforts met with no success, and finally, feeling quite desperate, Mr. Ringwood suggested that their only course was to approach Hero. "I know it ain't usual," said Mr. Ringwood, "but Kitten is mightily friendly with Miss Milborne and if there's anyone alive can stop George when he has the bit between his teeth it's she!"

Mr. Pakenham was moved to seize his friend by the hand and exclaim: "Gil, dear old boy, you're right!"

The two gentlemen accordingly set forth together, and were fortunate to find Hero at home, and alone. They were ushered upstairs into the drawing-room, and here Mr. Ringwood bluntly informed his hostess of the nature of his errand.

Having already a very fair idea of what was toward, Hero did not, as Mr. Pakenham had a horrid fear she might, faint, or go into hysterics.

Her husband's strictures on her conduct, delivered on their way home on the previous evening had been so forceful that she had quailed under them, and barely found enough voice to enable her to explain to him that she had been attempting merely to comfort poor George, who was in such despair over Isabella's cruelty.

His wrath had cooled by that time, and he had no difficulty in believing her; but the stern lecture which he delivered on the impropriety of offering that particular kind of comfort to young bachelors would have done credit to the strictest duenna, and made his wife weep with penitence.

The Viscount then unbent, dried her tears, told her that it was not her fault—at least, not entirely her fault—and that he should have known better than to have introduced such a hardened reprobate as George Wrotham to her.

But when she timidly expressed the hope that he had not quarrelled with George, the only answer she could get from him was an unconvincing assurance that there was no need for her to worry her head over him.

She was therefore in no way surprised by Mr. Ringwood's disclosure. She added her head, turning a little pale, and, fixing anxious eyes on his face, said: "But George will not hurt Sherry! He could not!"

"Yes, he could," said Percy. "Devil of a fellow with the pistols, George! Never misses!"

Her eyes widened. "He would not! Not Sherry!"

"Wouldn't put it beyond him at all," said Percy, shaking his head.

"But he must not!" Hero cried, starting up. "He shall not! Oh, how are we to prevent Sherry's meeting George?"

"Only one person he'll listen to," Mr. Ringwood said.

"Isabella!" exclaimed Hero.

"That's it. The thing is for you to see her. Persuade her to send for George. Get her to coax him out of the aulens and send him

## TEENA

By  
HILDA TERRY  
Easy  
Money



along to see Sherry. I know Sherry; let George but hold out his hand and the whole thing will blow over in a trice!"

"I will go to Isabella at once!" Hero said, the peril in which Sherry stood ousting every other consideration from her mind.

She set forth immediately, arriving at the Milborne residence just as Isabella mounted the steps with her abigail. They repaired to Isabella's dressing-room, and there Hero explained exactly why she had come.

MISS MILBORNE listened to her friend's recital in slowly gathering wrath. It was just as she had suspected: Hero had indeed stolen another of her aulens, and Wrotham was as volatile as her Mama had so often assured her.

As for Hero's explanation that George had kissed her because she had rejected his violets, she had never heard anything so lame in her life. She said in a trembling voice: "I am sure I do not wonder that Sherry should have called him out! But you, Hero—how could you do so? I had not thought you so fast, so lacking in principle!"

"I am not fast or lacking in principle!" said Hero indignantly. "I was so sorry for George that if he wanted to kiss me—just for comfort, you know!—it would have been quite horrid of me to have repulsed him!"

"My dear Lady Sheringham, I wish you did not put yourself to the

trouble of telling me nonsensical stories!" said Miss Milborne, in what she meant to be a stately manner but which, even to her own ears, sounded merely pettish.

"Isabella Milborne, I think you are the cruellest creature alive!" said Hero hotly. "How can you have looked at poor George last night and not pitied him?"

Miss Milborne averted her face, replying stiffly: "What pity I may have felt for Lord Wrotham was plainly thrown away, since he contrived very speedily to console himself."

"Fudge!" retorted Hero. "He wanted to kiss you, but since he could not, and I was there, he kissed me instead; but as for consoling himself—why, how can you be so stupid? Do you know how it is with gentlemen? They kiss so easily, and it does not mean anything at all!"

"No, I am happy to say I do not," replied Miss Milborne.

"Good gracious! I quite thought you knew much more than I did, for you have been out for so much longer!" exclaimed Hero.

Miss Milborne flushed, and answered in a voice with an edge to it: "Do you mean to suggest, ma'am, that you consider me to be in danger of becoming an old maid?"

"Oh, Isabella, pray do not talk in that mischievous way!" Hero besought her. "The thing is, I must stop this dreadful meeting!"

"I am sure I do not know how you will contrive to do so."

"That is why I have come to you, Isabella. Though he will not listen

to Gil or Percy, George will listen to you! Oh, will you be so very obliging to send for him and make him promise he won't fight Sherry? You must know that there can be nothing he would not do for your sake! You have only to beg him—"

Miss Milborne pressed her hands to her hot cheeks.

"Upon my word, I had not thought it possible! So I am to send for George, and to supplicate him not to engage in a duel! After he has been making shameless love to you! I am astonished you should ask it of me! Why do you not supplicate George yourself? I am persuaded your words must carry quite as much weight with him as mine. More, I dare say!"

Hero sprang up, quite as angry a flush as Isabella's in her cheeks.

"You are right! I will go to George! He does not make shameless love to me; no, for he has no love for me! But he is fond of me, a little, and he did say he would not wish to make me unhappy! I do not know how I can have been so foolish as to think that you would help me, for there is nothing behind your beauty but vanity and spite, Isabella!"

With these words she fairly ran from the room and down the stairs, letting herself out of the front door, and shutting it behind her with a slam. She entered her barouche, and told the surprised footman to direct the coachman to drive to Lord Wrotham's lodging.

Please turn to page 26





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A.P. 1-16

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REV. 10-12

## Half-castes happy in W.A. home



A LITTLE BOY of aboriginal blood, called Jackie, is one of the children being cared for at Sister Kate's Children's Cottage Homes at Queen's Park, Perth.



OFF TO SCHOOL! Sister Kate's homes had not taken them in, these little girls might have been living in a bush camp instead of packing up for a day at school. The homes are now caring for 130 children.

## Church sister gave her life to helping children

One of the happiest places in Australia for children of aboriginal blood is Sister Kate's Children's Cottage Homes at Queen's Park, Perth.

SISTER KATE, a member of the Anglican order of the Sisters of the Church, founded the cottage homes 17 years ago at the age of 72.

Retiring from work in another children's home, she refused to believe her career of usefulness to children was finished.

She died two years ago, but her work goes on and there are now 130 children in the cottage homes she left behind.

Her story is an example of practical sympathy for half-caste children, in whose welfare widespread interest was roused when some were transferred recently from Mulgoa, N.S.W., to South Australia and Northern Territory.

Sister Kate, an Englishwoman, came to this country in charge of 22 English orphans 45 years ago.

With the children and two assistants, she settled in the bush at Parkerville, at the foot of the Darling Ranges.

The tents they pitched had the essentials of a real home for the children, as far as loving care could provide them.

Sister Kate never lost this home-making knack or her love of little boys and girls.

The three women had only the financial backing of their families in England in the initial stages, but public support was forthcoming.

By the time the home had been established for 30 years it had opened its friendly doors to 300 children.

Well-built cottages had taken the place of tents, and the staff was expanded.

Then one of the founding sisters died after a long illness, through which she had been nursed by Sister Kate.

It was suggested that after leave of absence to recuperate the old lady should retire.

But Sister Kate could not live without children, and although she did not return to Parkerville she decided there were other youngsters whom she could help.

With the assistance of a former colleague she gathered 11 small aboriginal and half-caste children, who had lived always in bush camps or native settlements. She decided to give them a new start in life.

She was determined that some of these children, at any rate, would be equipped to take their place alongside other Australians.

### Known as "Gran"

IN a small weatherboard cottage at Buckland Hill, near Fremantle, they learned not to run away from white people and to read and write.

They called Sister Kate "Gran." When more children came Sister Kate moved to another cottage, surrounded by five acres of land, at Queen's Park.

There are now ten cottages at the Queen's Park home, a farm for training boys in market gardening, and a chapel.

The stimulus of comfortable surroundings and a normal education makes it difficult to tell most of these children, many of them fair in coloring, from other young Australians.

Sister Kate lived to see her boys and girls take their places in life

SISTER KATE with Harry, a little aboriginal boy whom she cared for from babyhood. His mother was dying when she brought him to the sister.

alongside their fellows in the fighting forces and in business.

When the Queen's Park home was established Sister Kate received only 2/6 per head weekly for the children in her care. To-day the Department of Native Affairs pays 5/-, and another 10/- per head is received as child endowment.

Public subscription supplies the remainder of the funds needed for maintenance and expansion. Most of the children come from stations in the north-west of the State.

One of the first girls to enter the home is to start training shortly as a nurse.

Typical is the story of Harry, whose mother brought him to Sister Kate when he was a baby. She was a young woman, but she had little time to live, and she used up most of her remaining strength carrying the baby boy eight miles from the railway station to the home.

When they arrived Harry put out his arms to Sister Kate, and his mother was happy.

From that day he always slept in a little bed in the sister's room.

Two years ago, when the old lady was dying, she asked for Harry, and when he was brought to see her she gave him cakes and sweets.

She told him, too, that he was going to have a bicycle soon, all of his own, as "a sort of remembrance" from his "Gran."

Two trustees now administer the home, which has a staff of ten house-mothers and domestic helpers.

On the farm, where boys are trained for rural work, two youths are generally in training at a time, and they remain there from 14 years of age until they can take a job.



FROM MILLER from the cottage homes an eight-acre farm has been established to teach lads market gardening.

The Australian Women's Weekly—March 5, 1949





"Take your time—have some more coffee. All I've got to do to-day is wash the dishes, clean the house, scrub the floors, iron the clothes, mend the socks, polish the silver, beat the rugs, fight the butcher. Take your time—have some more coffee."



"It's a nuisance though; my wife's always tellin' her relatives; 'Oh, Butch can get it for you for practically nothing.'"

## It seems to me...

AT the play "Love Me, Sailor," which opened in Sydney recently, I was lucky enough to sit next to two plainclothes members of the Police Force who went along to vet. the play from the censorship angle.

As a result my attention was divided between the stage and the countenances of my neighbors, whom I watched in an endeavor to gauge their reaction. It wasn't very successful, as they observed the play with an impassive air, except at one point when the audience laughed heartily. The police faces then broke into smiles.

Evidently they weren't "offended" by the play, as the police report later stated that there was "nothing in the performance to which reasonable exception should be taken."

This report throws an interesting light on censorship in New South Wales.

Remember the stir a few months ago about "Rusty Bugles." Summer Locke Elliott's first-class play about an Australian Army unit in the Northern Territory?

The Licensing Police objected to the language in it, and some of it had to be deleted. I saw the unexpurgated version, and, like a great many people, regarded the censorship as ridiculous.

Personally I thought "Love Me, Sailor" lively and entertaining, not a great play by any means, but well acted, with excellent sets, and enhanced by the novelty of its presentation in a circus tent.

But I'd lay odds that it will raise more eyebrows than "Rusty Bugles."

Certainly there's the point that, after the court proceedings over the book, no one is likely to attend expecting something on the lines of "Eric, or Little by Little."

However, what "Rusty Bugles" lost in realism through deleted "bad language" it gained in publicity. The authorities cannot be unaware of that aspect of censorship.

By



Dorothy Drain

TRAMPS in South Africa are across about a new bill introduced in Parliament which will make it compulsory for them to work.

One tramp is reported as saying: "There should not be regimentation of those who, after philosophical thought, have chosen a hobo life to escape from the rush and tedium of modern life."

Quite right, too. If a man doesn't want electric fans, radiators, hand-painted ties, pressure cookers, a wife, children, and a lawn, why should he wear himself to a frazzle?

There will always be enough citizens who do want electric fans, radiators, hand-painted ties, pressure cookers, wife, children, and lawn, and who will therefore work hard enough to provide all of us with electric fans . . . Oh, all right!

RE this nonsense of buying the late Rudolph Valentino's home in Hollywood as a shrine where "lovelorn women can worship his memory".

Attorney for the syndicate which has bought it and which is arranging various attractions such as a wishing well and a "meditation sanctum" told reporters:

"For tens of thousands of lovelorn women the only inspiration in life is the worship of Valentino's memory. They recognise in him a spiritual force . . ."

He might have added that some smart investors see the possibility of cashing in on a percentage of neurotics and a larger percentage of tourists who go to Hollywood expecting everything to be bigger, better, and madder than elsewhere.

But perhaps I am a little sour on the late Rudolph, as I sat through an interminable revival programme a while back and saw "The Son of the Sheikh."

Frankly, I thought him silly.

DRIVERS in New York, under a new traffic law, must now undergo health tests every five years.

This seems a sound idea.

A driver tells me she thinks that mental as well as physical health should be checked. After long experience on the road she is convinced that, apart from the obvious insanity of some drivers, there are many unfitted by temperament to be at the wheel.

Perhaps you couldn't deny licences to arrogant and bad-tempered people, but they could at least be required to attend a course of warning lectures.

"THE average Australian, figuratively, is swimming in a sea of tea," according to statistics issued by the Sydney Tea Bureau. "In a lifetime he or she drinks 3500 gallons of tea."

Absurd, of course, and quite extraordinary. To talk of swimming in a sea of tea; I like an early morning cup, or sometimes two. And, naturally, at breakfast have a few Which last me till eleven, when there's one (In offices to ask for two's not done). That means there's none until the lunchtime pot (Milk but no sugar, please, and weak but hot). Long lags the afternoon but—half-past three! Hooray, what do I see but tea, ah tea! At dinner-time convention may dictate A cup of coffee, but be patient, wait, Let us look forward to the evening supper. When someone says, "Now what about a cuppa?"

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# Lively Maguire family now includes Countess

## How five beautiful Australians captivated London society

By MARY ST. CLAIRE, of our London staff

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Patrick Joseph Maguire, formerly of Brisbane and Melbourne, and their five beautiful daughters might be called the Fabulous Maguires, in the light of their family history in the past twelve years.

They are in the news again with the second wedding of Carmel, now the Countess of Kimberley.

IN Brisbane, where the Maguires kept the Bellevue Hotel, they lived an ordinary family life until the eldest daughter, Mary (Peggy), became a film actress.

Mary appeared in "The Flying Doctor" with Charles Farrell and in "Heritage" for which she won a Commonwealth film prize.

Shortly afterwards in 1937, Mary, accompanied by her mother, went to Hollywood. After appearing in one or two films she was loaned by 20th Century-Fox to an English company.

Mother went, too.

Then it was on.

Mary and her mother arrived in England occupying one of the biggest suites de luxe in the Queen Mary.

In London Mary lived at the Dorchester in the manner of celebrated film stars.

She decided to stay, and her father, Mick, brought his other four daughters, Pat, Joan, Carmel, and Lupe, from Australia.

Mary's salary was around the £500 sterling a week mark.

Every day a Rolls or a Daimler waited to take her to work.

When Mick arrived he cast round for somewhere with a bit more domestic atmosphere than the Dorchester as living quarters, and happened on an advertisement for a villa to let in Cannes.

### Season in Cannes

LUPE, who was anxious to learn to speak French better, was enthusiastic. They took the house, which was called Villa Estoré, complete with five servants.

It cost less than a one-room flat in Mayfair would cost now.

With its magnificent garden among magnolias and mimosa, it was an ideal setting for the Maguires.

The season was in full swing. The Maguire girls were lovely and charming. To the villa flocked young English aristocrats, Continental millionaires, and well-known society people.

Mary Pickford, Paul Lukas, Buddy Rogers, Mae Murray, and Norma Shearer were often in for a drink.

The hospitality of the Maguires was famed, and it was always returned, whether in France, England, or Hollywood.

Pat once told me that one prominent society man stayed two days

before any of the family really knew who he was.

Pat first met Lord Beaverbrook's younger son, the Hon. Peter Aitken, whom she married later, in Cannes, where, apart from being the younger son of England's leading newspaper baron, he was famous as a racing motorist.

It was in Cannes, too, that Carmel met her former husband, Derek Dunnett, heir to the Carter seeds fortune.

They were divorced last December.

When the war broke out, Mrs. Maguire and Mary were in London, and the rest of the family managed to get out, though they had to leave their car and most of their clothes behind them.

Back in London, Mary married Captain Robert Gordon Canning, descendant of famous British Prime Minister, and, because she was then suffering from a chest complaint, afterwards discovered not to be serious, she was married in a wheelchair.

World-wide publicity greeted the wheelchair wedding.

Canning was a keen Germanophile and member of societies which in 1940 could find little favor. He was suddenly visited at their lavish Chesterfield Hill, Mayfair, home one Saturday morning, and taken to Brixton Prison, with people like Sir Oswald Mosley.

Mary carried on the house, regardless of bombs which began to rain on London, and later in that year of the blitz her baby son was born.

Twelve months later the baby died, and Mary never quite got over his death.

After she and Canning were divorced, while she was driving an American general she met and married a young American inventor, Philip Legarra, from California, and went back there to live.

Pat, joining the W.A.A.F., met Peter Aitken again, in London, and they married. She later had a son, who is heir to the Beaverbrook title as the Hon. Max Aitken, although



THE EARL OF KIMBERLEY, whose wedding to Carmel Maguire took place recently in Switzerland.

married, has no son.

Pat had another son, and later her husband, who had a distinguished war record, died in a boating accident in Sweden. Last year she married Richard Lyett-Green, son of Lady Grimthorpe. Her home is the Beaverbrook mansion on the Isle of Wight.

Lupe, the baby of the family, married Godfrey Davis, car-hire millionaire of London, and went to live at famous Arlington House, home of some of the wealthiest people in the country.

As well, she has her own palatial residence in London's fashionable quarter of Hampstead Lane.

Mick and Mrs. Maguire now live quietly in a lovely little flat off Berkeley Square, between the Square and Bond Street.

Joan, who is on the stage, spends most of her time away from home with touring shows in which she plays leading roles. She is now in South Africa.

Australian servicemen remember the Maguires in a house with 13 bathrooms in Marylebone Road, which became almost as famous as the villa in Cannes.

Australians were always welcome there in the war years, and they usually found a title or a millionaire among the guests.

Asked if he was pleased to have another title in the family, following Carmel's marriage to the Earl this week, Mick, interviewed in the flat, said: "No, not particularly."

"But I can tell you this," he said, "I've got a regular feller for a son-in-law. The sort of bloke they'd like in Australia."

Tim, heir to the Beaverbrook title, and elder of Pat's two chil-



CARMEL, fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Maguire, formerly of Brisbane and Melbourne, who is now the Countess of Kimberley.

dren, was playing with Mick at the time.

He and Mrs. Maguire got the news of the wedding in a telegram from St. Moritz, Switzerland. It arrived as they were having a cup of tea.

They had another cup of tea.

The wire read: "Getting married to-day. Stop. Love Carmel, Johnnie."

Mick said that he and his wife had known that the couple would get married some day.

### Earl was pal

HE said the Earl had been a pal of his for some time, as well as being a friend of the family.

"We've been to the races together—he loves racing," Mick said, "and Mrs. Maguire and I have been to Kimberley, his country seat in Norfolk, quite a few times."

"He's never once given the slightest hint he is an Earl when we've been out with him," Mick added.



WHEELCHAIR WEDDING of Mary Maguire and Captain Robert Gordon Canning in London in 1939. They are now divorced.



MRS. MICK MAGUIRE snapped in London with her youngest daughter, Lupe, who is Mrs. Godfrey Davis, wife of a car-hire millionaire.

"Johnnie is an only child. His mother now lives in Mayfair. His father was killed during the war by a bomb which by a strange coincidence also injured Max Aitken, the brother of Pat's first husband."

Mick expressed great admiration for his new son-in-law's determination to restore the family seat in Norfolk.

This was requisitioned at the beginning of the war, and the Dowager Countess, to save trouble, disposed of a lot of its contents.

Two turrets are being pulled down for rebuilding. Lead in these alone has been sold for £10,000 sterling.

The port of Falmouth is part of the Kimberley estate.

The family has one of the most famous private libraries in the country.

"Johnnie went straight into the Army from Oxford during the war," Mick told me.

"He plans to take up farming on a big scale, and already he has thousands of acres under cultivation. He also has an extensive game preserve on his estate."

Mick told me that the Earl's wedding gift to his bride was a mink coat and some diamonds.

The Kimberley family diamonds, which do not include the famous Kimberley diamond, still remain in the possession of the Dowager Countess.

Mick said that during her stay in Switzerland the new Countess twice was photographed in error for Rita Hayworth, who was there at the time, and, like Carmel, was learning to ski.

"Being parents-in-law to an Earl doesn't make a bit of difference to us," said Mick. "We live quietly here in Mayfair, and although they will have a cocktail party when they come back from Switzerland, it won't mean any high society life for us. We like living quietly."

"Carmel and Johnnie will be living in Norfolk, but they'll often be popping in on us when they're in town."

"Johnnie is very fond of us both—particularly 'Mumma,' as he calls Mrs. Maguire," said Mick.

The Earl's former wife was Diana Leph, daughter of Sir Piers Leph, Master of the King's Household.

Mrs. George Baird and Mrs. Alice McLennan, of Melbourne, aunts of the Maguire girls, smilingly recall that niece Carmel, now Countess of Kimberley, was nicknamed "The Duchess" as a child.

### Knitting Book For 1949

THE Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book for Adults and Children is now available from our offices and from newsagents.

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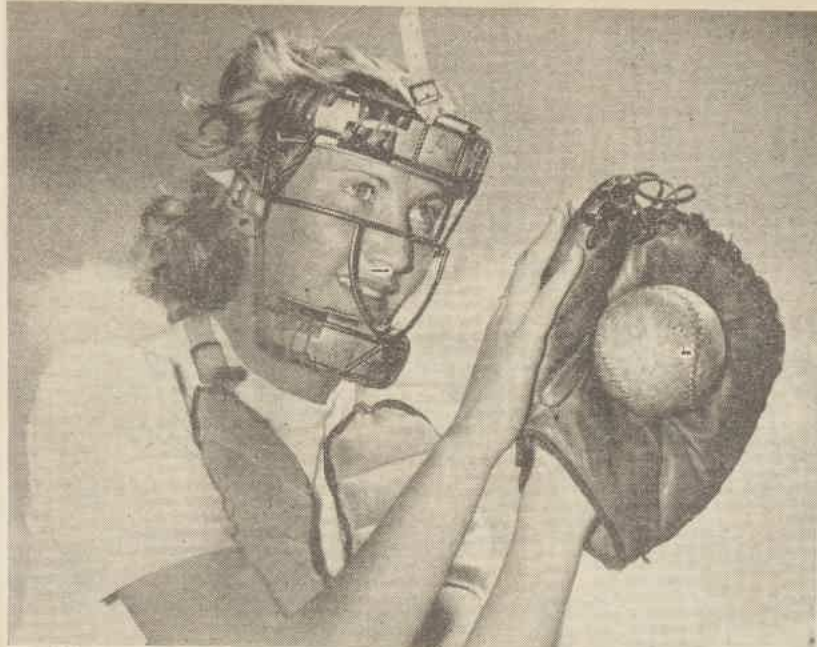
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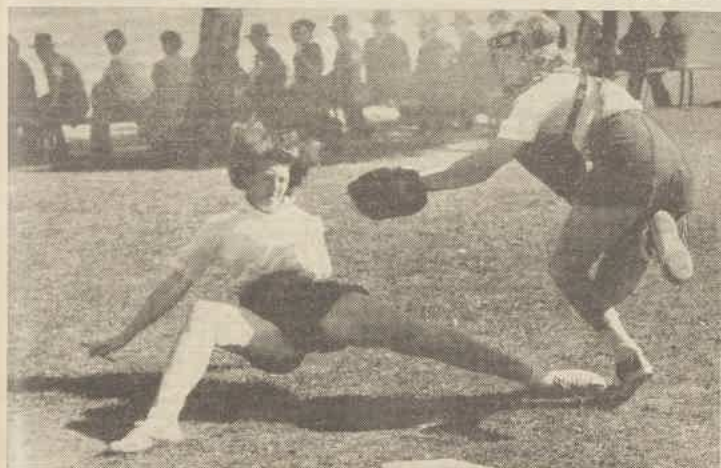
# SOFTBALL PLAYERS WILL MEET N.Z. TEAM



**CATCHER** Dot Lumsden, of Melbourne "Rebels" team, is a foundation member of Victorian Women's Softball Association. In trial game she is wearing standard padded wire mask, catcher's mitt, and padded body protector. The association was founded during the war.



**WITH BAT** in position for a "bunt" is Royce Jackson (right). A bunt is a stroke made by allowing bat and ball to meet, without making a hit. The catcher here is Dot Lumsden.



**SPECTACULAR SLIDE** is made by Lella Jones, often called the "Babe Ruth" of women's softball, as she attempts to reach home base and score. Catcher Barbara Porter attempts to put her out. Home base must be touched to score run.

## Introduced by Americans

**FIRST** international women's softball championships in Australia will be held in Melbourne from March 30 to April 3, when Australian teams will play New Zealand. The international Australian team will be selected after interstate championships have been decided at the softball carnival in Melbourne on March 19. Softball was introduced to Australia by American servicemen and nurses. It made its debut in Melbourne in 1943, and now has keen followers in all States. The game is played with a leather-covered ball about the size of a grapefruit. It is fast-moving, and closely resembles baseball. Team is composed of nine players. Matches, which have seven innings, usually last an hour and a half.



**PITCHER** and captain of Victorian State team, Myrtle Edwards, is about to deliver ball. She is an international cricketer.



**FORMER AMERICAN G.I.** George Reday, living in Melbourne, shows Maureen Cunningham, catcher, Gloria Allardye, first base, and Alleen Mumford, centre field, of "The Bears," a junior team, how to "bunt." George is a coach.



**BENDIGO TEAM**, led by catcher Val Collins and captain Betty Collins. Val and Betty have been chosen to play in Victorian team at interstate championships in Melbourne on March 19 before international matches.





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**H**IS lordship was at home, and had barely time to straighten his neckcloth and run a hand over his tumbled locks before his visitor came tempestuously into the room.

"George!" she cried, running at him with outstretched hands. "My dear Lady Sheringham!" George said, bowing formally, one eye on the wooden countenance of his servant.

This individual reluctantly withdrew from the room just as Hero cried sharply: "Oh, don't, George! I am in such distress!"

He caught her hands, and held them warmly. "No, no, but Kitten, you must think what my man would imagine! You should not have come here!"

"No, I know I should not, but what else could I do? For I know very well you would not come to Half Moon Street."

He glanced quickly out of the window, perceived the crest on the panel of her barouche, and exclaimed: "In your own carriage! Kitten, you are incorrigible! If Sherry gets wind of this there'll be the devil to pay!"

"How can it signify! Nothing could be worse than it is at this moment! George, you must not meet Sherry!"

"I shall certainly do so, however." She clasped the lapels of his coat, giving him a little shake.

"No, I say you shall not! George, you know it was very wrong of us, although we meant no harm. Please, George, beg Sherry's pardon, and let us all be comfortable again!"

He shook his head obstinately. "I have never drawn back from an engagement yet."

"Yes, but George, this time—"

"Besides, I'm dashed if I'll apologise for kissing you! I liked it excessively!" said George brazenly. "If Sherry had a grain of sense, he'd know it didn't mean a thing, too!"

"George, you said you would not wish to make me unhappy!" Hero said desperately.

"No, by Jove, not for the world!" "But don't you see, you stupid creature, that if you kill Sherry I shall be so unhappy I shall die?" Hero cried.

"Oh, I'm not going to kill Sherry!" said his lordship carelessly. "What put that into your head?"

She released his coat, and stood staring at him. "But they told me—Gil and Percy—"

"You don't mean that that brace of gossips blabbed the whole thing to you?" George ejaculated.

"But what else could they do when they thought you meant to kill Sherry?"

"Pooh! Nonsense! Who said anything about killing anyone? Sherry's a friend of mine!"

Hero regarded him blankly. "George, if you mean to wound Sherry, I would much, much rather you did not!"

"No, no, I won't hurt a hair of his head!" he assured her. "I shall deluge."

"What is that, please?"

"Oh—fire into the air!"

"Well, George, indeed I am very much obliged to you, but if you mean to fire into the air, it seems to me that Sherry may very likely kill you!"

"Sherry? At twenty-five yards?" said George. "Wouldn't hit a haystack at that range! That's why I chose it. Not but what I don't care if he does put a bullet through me," he added, his brow clouding.

"Well, I care!" said Hero tartly. "He would have to fly the country, and what would become of me then?"

George's gloom vanished with a grin. "Oh, Kitten, you horrid little wretch! Don't tease yourself! He won't hit me."

"You don't feel that I had better warn him you mean to fire in the air?" she asked anxiously.

He took her by the shoulders and gave her a shake.

"You dare tell Sherry one word about this?" he said. "If he knew what you'd done he'd be fit to murder the pair of us! Besides, you've no business to be mixed up in it! You must go home. And not a word to a soul, mind!"

"But I must tell Gil—"

"No, you must not! I'll settle Gil!" Hero smiled gratefully; he escorted her out to her barouche, and they parted on the best terms.

## Friday's Child

Continued from page 21

Percy called for Sherry at a chill, misty hour on the following morning. The Viscount was quite ready for him, and except that he looked a trifle more serious than usual, he seemed to be in good spirits.

They arrived at the appointed meeting-place to find George and Mr. Ringwood already upon the ground. The two principals exchanged formal bows. The seconds, inspecting the deadly weapons, held a short, whispered colloquy.

"George said anything to you?" asked Percy.

"No. Putting on airs to be interesting," replied Mr. Ringwood, with brutal candor.

"Dash it, he can't mean to blow a hole through Sherry!"

"Just what I think myself. Queer I didn't hear from Lady Sherry, though."

While this dialogue was in progress, Sherry had cast off his drab driving-coat, and buttoned the plain, dark coat he wore under it up to his chin, so that it completely hid his white shirt.

He had been careful to choose a coat with small, dark buttons, so that he should afford his adversary no unnecessary mark; and he noted, with some surprise, that Lord Wrotham, as though in open contempt of his marksmanship, was wearing the blue and yellow-striped waistcoat of the Four Horse Club, and a coat with gleaming silver buttons.

The paces were measured; the principals took up their positions, the duelling pistols, with their ten-inch barrels and half-triggers set at half-cock, pointing earthwards; the seconds retreated eight paces; the doctor turned his back upon the proceedings; and Mr. Ringwood took out a handkerchief, and held it up.

As it fell, George jerked up his right hand, and deloped. A second later the Viscount's bullet buried itself in a tree-trunk quite three feet to the left of his opponent.

The next instant he had lowered his pistol, and said furiously: "George, will you stop being noxious!"

"Sherry!" George said, disgustedly surveying the wounded tree. "You can do better than that, dash it, man!"

"Better than that? I meant to hit it!" Sherry retorted angrily.

"Which being noble now?" demanded George, strolling across the ground to give his pistol up to Mr. Ringwood. "You must have been practising. Here you are, Gil!"

Mr. Ringwood, too relieved for speech, took the weapon, held out his hand for Sherry's and restored both to their case. The late antagonists looked at each other measurably.

"What I've dashed good mind to do," said Sherry, "is to take my coat off off to you, George. It's what I ought to have done in the first place!"

"Not before we've had breakfast!" replied George. His reluctant grin dawned; he thrust out his hand. "I'm sorry, Sherry! Never meant to do it, you know, and really there wasn't a mite of harm in it!"

"Oh, go to the devil!" responded Sherry, gripping his hand. "If ever I met such a fellow! Here, did you think to order breakfast, Percy?"

The last shreds of animosity vanished over the substantial breakfast provided by the landlord of an adjacent inn; and so mellowing was the effect of the ale with which the four young gentlemen washed down vast quantities of beef, ham, and pigeon-pie, that Sherry admitted to his friends that he had actually gone to the lengths of drawing up his will on the previous day.

George shouted with laughter when he heard about this, and said that if he had known that Sherry could hit a tree when he aimed at it he would very likely have drawn up his own will.

When they finally left the inn, Percy and Mr. Ringwood went off together in Percy's tilbury, and George took up Sherry in his phaeton, promising to set him down in Half Moon Street.

"Kitten will be wanting to be assured of your safety," he grinned.

"Oh, she don't know anything about it!" replied Sherry.

George made no remark upon this for a moment or two, but when he

had thought the matter over he decided to be open with Sherry, and told him of her visit the day before.

"If that isn't like Kitten!" exclaimed Sherry. "You know, George, there's no keeping back with her at all. How was I to guess I ought to have warned her to take a hackney, if she meant to call at a man's lodgings?"

George looked a trifle startled, and said: "The point is she ought not to call at a fellow's lodgings, old boy."

"No, by Jove, she ought not!" agreed Sherry. "Devil of a business being married, George. You've no notion! Never thought I should be kept so busy, but—dash it, I don't have a quiet moment!"

Hero jumped up eagerly to greet him when he arrived home, but he took her by the shoulders and shook her, not very hard, saying: "Kitten, you little wretch, how dared you ask George not to blow a hole through me?"

"But I did not wish him to blow a hole through you, Sherry!" she replied reasonably. "What else could I do?"

"You deserve I should box your ears! And while I think of it, brat, you are not to visit men's lodgings again either!"

"I do know that, Sherry, but it was so very awkward, on account of George's not liking to come here."

"That's all very well," responded Sherry severely, "but you shouldn't have gone there in your own carriage. Don't you know enough to take a hackney upon such an occasion?"

"I never thought of that!" she said. "How stupid of me! I shall know better another time."

It occurred to his lordship that the piece of worldly wisdom he had imparted to his bride was not in the least what he had meant to say, but after all the excitement of the morning he did not feel capable of entering more fully into the ethical and moral aspects of what he knew to have been a perfectly harmless visit to George's lodging.

He said that she was on no account to do it again, and abandoned the whole topic.

The relief he had felt when George had deloped on the ground had been considerable, and not even a visit from his man of business availed to subdue a mood of somewhat riotous optimism. His lordship was strongly of the opinion that he would shortly come about, since it was absurd to suppose that a run of ill-luck could last forever.

He was certainly slightly taken aback when he read the sum of his obligations, and agreed that to be continually selling out his holding in the Funds would be bad.

"And the next step as, I am persuaded, I need hardly point out to your lordship," said Mr. Stoke gently, "will be the sale of your lands."

The Viscount had upon more than one occasion stated his dislike of Sheringham Place, but at these words a flash came into his eyes, and he exclaimed: "Sell my land? You must be mad to think of it! I will never do so!"

"It is my duty to warn your lordship that if your present rate of expenditure is maintained, your lordship will have no choice in the matter," said Mr. Stoke.

"Nonsense! I don't deny I am a trifle scorched this year, but I shall come about!" Sherry said, in a tone that forbade further discussion.

But the shocking thought put into his mind by his man of business refused to be quite banished.

To be continued

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A CLAP of thun-

der brought a hard dash of rain, and Lydia got up to close her windows. "Are yours open, too?" she suggested hopefully to Mrs. Gluck.

"Sakes alive, I believe they are. And I'd better be puttin' soup on for Joe. He'll be home any minute now." The woman bundled herself out, and Lydia gave a sigh of relief.

Everything belonging to the murder victim had been taken away. For this Lydia was thankful. By disciplining her mind, she should soon be able to forget that Alma Whiting had ever lived there.

Then, on a shelf, Lydia saw a small black wooden cylinder that she couldn't identify. It looked like a miniature tower with a serrated top. It could be a tiny model of the tower which formed a circular alcove for this room. The scene of the murder! Lydia put it out of sight. Who, she wondered, was it here?

She went into the tower alcove and stood looking from a window there. Wind-driven rain was slanting down, splashing in the gutters of the street. There were tall cabbage-palms along the parking, and the storm, in the fading light, made their tops wave eerily.

Lydia moved restlessly around the circle, from window to window. From the rear-most one she could see all the side yard and part of the back. She could even see her own car parked back there. Rain beat against it, and she wondered if she'd closed the car windows securely. Maybe she'd better go and see.

Slipping on a raincoat, Lydia went downstairs, out the back door, and through the rain to her car, making sure it was tight for the night. Then a truck drove in from the alley and parked by her. A big man in overalls got out.

She guessed, by the truck, that he was Joe Gluck. He had a heavy, loose-lipped face, and his eyes brimmed boldly over her. His smile smirked. "Well, ain't it? When did you move in, beautiful?"

Lydia turned away. As she ran back to the house he was putting a tarpaulin over the truck.

Back up in her room Lydia could still hear the radio overhead. Occasionally she could hear the lame

## Murder to the Dark Tower Came

Continued from page 7

Englishman's cane tapping across the floor. Then she heard it cross the upper hall and descend, tapping, to her floor. It came directly to her door.

His knock gave her a vague uneasiness. Her door was locked. Should she open it? She remembered the sly innuendo from Mrs. Gluck.

But now Lydia heard Joe Gluck tramping upstairs. His tread approached the door next to her own. There was safety in numbers. Certainly the Major's call was friendly, or he wouldn't make it in front of a witness.

Lydia unlocked and opened her door. The white-moustached man was there. Beyond him she saw Joe Gluck; and Joe, about to enter Number 5, paused to give a smirking stare.

"I'm Murdock. Number 13 upstairs." The Major's speech was precise, clipped. "Left a castle in here the other night. May I trouble you for it?"

"A castle?" Lydia asked, puzzled. "A rook. Not having it spoils my set."

"Oh! A chess piece." Lydia remembered the small black cylinder. She got it for him.

"Thanks." His manner was aloof, impersonal. He made no move to come in. His eyebrows matched the whiteness of his hair and moustache. But the rich redness of his face, Lydia thought, made him look hale and almost young.

As he turned away she closed the door, and heard his cane go tapping back upstairs.

Almost instantly the door opened and Mrs. Gluck burst in. "What did he want, dearie?" she demanded.

"Only a chess piece," Lydia assured her.

"It was just an excuse to get in." Mrs. Gluck's eyes narrowed suspiciously. "Or maybe it wasn't! Maybe it was a clue he left when—what kind of a chess piece, dearie?"

"A rook."

"One of those tower-shape things?" The woman's eyes darted to the alcove bed. "It was in the tower it happened, dearie. It means somethin', my guess is. Maybe it

was a message from Alma. Was it hollow? Did you look inside?"

"No," Lydia said, "but I imagine the police did. They must have seen it when they searched the room."

Joe's voice, shouting for his supper, called Mrs. Gluck back to Number 5.

Lydia turned on lights. Outside, an occasional thunder rumbled and rain pattered against the panes. The night before last, Lydia remembered, had been much like this.

She made her supper on the gas-stove. In good weather she planned to eat out. But this was no night for it. Supper things put away. Lydia went into the tower alcove and looked from a window there. The night was inky dark. Only when lightning flashed could she see anything outside.

A vivid flash of it exposed the street for a brief instant, with its tossing palm tops and swirling gutters. There was no traffic. Another flash, and she glimpsed a raincoated man running on the opposite walk. His head ducked against the storm.

She moved to the tower's rearward window. For minutes she stood there staring out at darkness. Then came a flash which revealed the yard—the shapes of her own coupe and Joe's truck.

The night before last, Lydia kept thinking was just like this. An electric storm. The murdered woman, in her last hour, might have been looking out as she was now.

Suppose, in a flash of lightning, she had seen something. An act of guilt, for instance. And suppose the same flash had exposed, to a man outside, the face of a witness at the window.

Nervously Lydia drew down the shade. She took a book and tried to read. But her mind strayed. For what motive had Alma Whiting been murdered?

Maybe it was a prowler, and she awakened to find him taking something. Her door would have been locked, probably. How could anyone get in? Culp, the manager, would

have a key to every room. The thought made Lydia go to her door and turn the key in the lock there.

What about the estranged husband? If he had knocked, probably Alma Whiting would have let him in. Major Murdock? He'd played chess with her, earlier in the evening. Had she given him permission to return later? What about Joe Gluck? Certainly Alma wouldn't have let Joe in.

But suppose Joe had slipped away from his sleeping wife after midnight, and gone out to his truck. And Alma Whiting, in a flash of storm light, had seen him drive away. And return later after some act of guilt?

These and other fantastic imaginings occurred to Lydia. But only the husband theory stood up. A husband, frustrated and bitter.

Now again she heard Major Murdock's limping tread in the room above. At the same time she heard someone ascending from the lower floor. The steps were brisk and bold, not like the soft glide of Ernest Culp.

A knock came at her door. "Who is it?" Lydia asked cautiously.

"Inspector Bannock of the police." A firm quality in the voice steadied Lydia. She opened the door. The man who stood there was youngish, not over thirty, and had a strong, rugged face. His brown-eyed smile put her completely at ease.

"Moved in, did you?" he asked. "Well, why not? Apartments don't grow on trees these days. Mind if I ask a question or two?"

"Come in," Lydia said. He came in, and she closed the door. "Mind if I smoke?" He sat down and pulled out a pipe.

"Go right ahead, Inspector—" "Bannock. Mark Bannock. I got your name from Culp. You're Lydia Sagres, and you want a room so badly you even took this one." He looked around the room, grimacing.

"That's it," Lydia admitted.

"I've been two days on this case," Mark Bannock said, "and so far have nothing to show for it. Didn't find an extra shoe around, did you?"

LYDIA shook her head. A hum of voices from the Gluck room, she was aware, had stopped. The Glucks, of course, would be trying to listen in. Bannock lowered his voice.

"Walls have ears. Let's move over." He went to the tower alcove, and Lydia followed.

"Alma Whiting's relations," he told her, "took all her stuff away this morning. Everything seemed in order, except that the list of shoes adds up to nine. Four and a half pairs. The missing shoe is a black pump. See anything of it?"

"No."

"I'm stumped, too," Bannock admitted. "Unless she had some money in the shoe, and the killer took shoe and all. Or unless she put a message in the shoe and threw it out of a window. But we've covered the yard, every inch."

"You think it was her husband?"

"Fred Whiting? Could be. He came here sometimes, but no one saw him that night. Fact is, we can't locate anyone who's seen him for a month. Used to work at a garage, but he left the job a month ago. You didn't find anything, did you?"

"Only a chess piece." "Saw it myself," Mark said. "No message in it, or anything. Murdock admits he brought the chess set down here, and they played till eleven o'clock. It was after midnight when she was murdered."

"Had she gone to bed?"

He nodded. "The bed had been slept in. But when they found her in the morning she had a bathrobe over her pyjamas. And slippers on. Maybe she went to the bath, or downstairs to telephone, and didn't lock her door. Maybe while she was gone the murderer slipped in."

"Or maybe," Lydia suggested, "she couldn't sleep, because of the storm. So she put on a bathrobe and stood at a window. In a storm-flash maybe she saw someone in the yard."

Mark's look at her was keen and approving. "That's an idea!" He puffed his pipe broodingly. "A face in a flash! Hmph! And he saw her, at the window."

Please turn to page 29

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# Murder to the Dark Tower Came

Continued from page 28

**L**YDIA and Mark stood at the window. "Let's turn out the lights," he suggested, "so we'll be like she was." Lydia turned out the lights.

"In a big city like this," Mark's voice said from the darkness, "there are a good many crimes every night. Hold-ups, hit-and-runs, even homicides. It could be that somebody from this house was mixed up in one. His alibi would be that he'd never left the house at all. But if Alma Whiting saw him—"

A flash illumined the yard for a split second. Then darkness again. Lydia said: "It was so quick, I'm not sure I'd have recognised anyone."

"Point is," Mark questioned, "could a man in the yard have seen us at the window? I'll go down there. You stand here with your face against the pane."

"Shall I leave the room dark?"

"Yes. And be sure you lock your door after I go out."

They groped to the door, and she let him out. Re-locking it, she returned to the tower alcove and pressed her face against the window-pane.

When lightning flashed again, she distinctly saw a face in the yard. It was Mark Bannock's.

He came closer to the window. His voice called up from the dark: "Could you recognise me?"

"Yes," she said. "Did you see me?"

"I couldn't tell who it was. But I could see the shape of a woman's face. It had to be yours, because it's your room."

Just so, Lydia thought, a man out there the night before last would have known the face was Alma Whiting's.

"I'm going now," Mark called from the night. "Keep your door locked. Don't let anyone in. And if you run across anything get in touch with me."

He gave her a phone number. Then he was gone. Lydia turned on a light, wrote the number down.

At midnight Lydia went to bed. And now, since Mark Bannock's call, she wasn't nervous any more. Why should she be? Her door was locked with the key turned.

Anyway, this was now her home. She wasn't going to let any silly quails drive her out of it. Her own fresh linen was on the bed. And how could she work to-morrow unless she got some sleep?

But it wasn't easy. This was a murder bed. Lying there on it, in the dark tower, it wasn't easy to forget Alma Whiting.

Rain came in furries, swishing against the windows. Once she thought she heard a scratching on the pane, stealthily rasping on the glass; and when it came a second time she got up, worriedly, and raised the shade.

A stringy arm swept across the window. But it was only a stray branch of the bougainvillea vine which clung to the house.

Leaving the shade up, she lay down. The house and the night were dark, quiet except for the storm sounds.

After a wakeful hour Lydia groped on the bedside stand for her wrist-watch. Its radium dial said half-past one. Then, less than a minute later, came another tinkle on the window-pane. She sat upright, startled. This time she knew it wasn't a waving vine branch. It was more like a handful of pebbles tossed against the glass.

Someone, she thought, wanted her attention. Was it Mark Bannock? Maybe he needed another word with her, and hesitated to come knocking at her door at one-thirty in the morning.

Lydia got up, and, groping in the dark, raised the window and leaned out. She could see nothing.

"Who is it?" she whispered.

A voice below her answered huskily: "It's Fred. Toss it down, Alma. You promised I'm sunk if you don't."

Lydia caught her breath. Here was the murdered woman's husband. Apparently he'd been away somewhere and hadn't read the papers. He didn't even know she was dead.

"You can spare it, Alma. Only a hundred." The voice was desperate, pleading. "You phoned me you'd have it ready. You don't want me sent up, do you?"

Then in a flash of lightning she saw his face. It was pinched and

pale. Evidently he saw hers, too, for he turned and ran. The night swallowed him.

Lydia closed the window. She sat on the bed, her thoughts racing. Since Fred Whiting thought his wife was still alive he couldn't have killed her. His last known job was at a garage.

Maybe he had taken a similar job where he'd stolen money. The owners, perhaps, wouldn't find it out until the end of the month; so by putting the money back he could still keep out of trouble.

And Alma, to keep him out of gaol, had agreed to make up the money. She must have drawn it from her savings and brought it here. Was that the motive? She'd telephoned Fred that she'd have the money ready.

What telephone would she use? The one in the hall below? Anyone in the house could have heard her—and come prowling in here for the money while the woman slept.

Culp, most likely. Money would attract Culp. At any rate, the pattern of the crime was clear. Some prowler in her room had awakened Alma. Strong, brutal fingers, to shut off her scream, had seized her throat.

Lydia shivered. She must notify Mark Bannock. What was his number? She took a step towards the door; then stopped. The killer, whoever he was, was still in the house. Suppose it was Culp, and he saw her creeping down to the phone at two in the morning! If he heard her calling the police—

Remembering what he, or someone, had done to Alma Whiting, Lydia sat fearfully on the bed again. She could tap on the wall and arouse the Glucks. For hours no sound had come from Number 5, and presumably the Glucks were asleep.

But for all Lydia knew, the killer could be Joe Gluck himself.

She might tap on the ceiling. That would bring Major Murdock down here. But even he might be the killer.

She thought of calling from a window to the first passer-by on the street. But at two in the morning, in a storm, who would pass except some hurrying motorist? If she shouted, maybe only the killer would hear.

No, she would wait till morning, when people were up and about. Then she'd go to a public phone and phone Mark Bannock.

And he would agree, she was sure, that the entire crime was solved as to motive and pattern. Only the killer's identity remained unknown.

Even the missing shoe was explained. Alma Whiting, bringing a large sum of money to her room, would have hidden it somewhere. Why not in a shoe?

Lydia got back into bed and huddled under the sheets. She knew she couldn't sleep now. A tension held her, here in the dark tower above, where two nights ago death had struck Alma Whiting. It wasn't definitely Culp. It could be anyone in the house—anyone wanting money badly enough to risk strangling her for it.

Who? Once Lydia had read something about a dark tower. Who was it to the dark tower came? She tried to summon that poem by Browning, but all she could remember was the opening lines:

"My first thought was, he liked  
In every word,  
That hoary cripple with malicious  
eye."

The thought was subconscious, and was brought about, she realised with a start, by a sound—the tap-tap of a lame man's cane on the garret floor overhead. Why was Murdock up at this hour?

Distinctly Lydia heard his limping tread. It left his room and crossed the upper hall. It was a faint, tap-tapping that now descended to her own floor.

Breathlessly she followed its progress. Now it was crossing the hall straight towards her door.

Knock-knock. The tapping on the door was light, almost stealthy.

She groped through the darkness to the door. Her impulse was to

push a trunk against it, anything to reinforce the lock.

"Go away," she said frantically. "I'll call the police."

"I've already called them," Murdock spoke quietly in terse, clipped syllables. "They're on the way." She didn't believe it. It was just a ruse to get in. She knew he hadn't gone down to the lower hall. So how could he have called the police unless he had a private phone in his room?

"Quiet!" Murdock warned in a whisper. "You'll scare him away. I've called the police, but they'll get here too late."

He was lying, of course. And if not, if he really had called the police, she'd wait behind her locked door for them to come.

"Go to your tower window," he said softly. "Make no light or sound. At the next flash of lightning look from your window. When you see what's outside there, you will be glad to let me in."

That, she thought, was fantastic. What could she see out there that could make her let Murdock in?

No harm in looking, though. Lydia groped to the tower alcove and to the window, whose shade she had raised. She pressed her face against it, saw only darkness outside.

Then, in a moment, came a flash of lightning. What she saw made her recoil. In the flash she'd glimpsed a face. And a ladder! A ladder had been raised to her window. A man was creeping up it. Culp! She'd seen his lean white face, ghastly in the lightning, and his long, bony fingers on the ladder's top rung.

Lydia staggered back from the alcove. Culp at her window, Murdock at her door! Of the two, Murdock seemed for the less menacing. She groped to the door, unlocked it, opened it.

There stood Murdock, his cane clattered over his shoulder. Grim and terrible he loomed, against a dim half light, his hair, his eyebrows, his moustache white like hoar-frost.

Lydia choked back a cry. Murdock limped in, closed the door, and stood in darkness.

"No noise," he whispered. "Not a peep, or he'll get away."

He began propelling her, then, towards the tower alcove. Towards the scene of the murder! All the while his close-clipped syllables kept whispering. Something about what he had seen, in a storm-flash, from his own tower window. He'd glimpsed Culp dragging a ladder towards the tower.

His grip on her arm was a vice. They were in the alcove now. A scratching sound came from outside the window.

"He came here for loot, I fancy," Murdock whispered. "And when she caught him at it the blighter strangled her. But the Glucks might have heard. If he went out with the loot in his hand, they might meet him in the hall, so he left it here."

"Here?" Lydia gasped. "Then why didn't the police find it?"

"Because he reached out a window and poked it under vine stems. Listen! Can't you hear him groping in the vine? All the blighter wants is to recover it, to put it in a safer place."

"Oh!" breathed Lydia.

"He'll be gone with it before the police come," Murdock whispered. "Unless we nab him now."

Murdock raised the window with a jerk.

In the lightning's vivid flash Lydia and Murdock saw the startled face of the man at the window.

Murdock stabbed his cane out, crook first, and the crook caught Culp round his long skinny neck. Culp shrieked, almost lost balance.

But Murdock had him gaffed, like a fish. He jerked hard—pulled Culp, foot and all, headfirst in through the window. The black pump in the man's grasp, Lydia knew without looking, had money in it.

Then the strain left her dizzy, and her mind went blank on every issue but one. She hardly heard rushing feet that took the hall stairs two at a time, or the bursting in of Mark Bannock, and a uniformed officer who quickly took Culp in charge.

Lydia swayed, and Mark caught her. His arm was strong and comforting. "Are you all right?" he asked gently. "Anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," Lydia murmured fervently. "Find me another apartment."

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THANK YOU  
DOCTOR



I never lose time from work now. Those Backaches and Headaches have gone since I have been taking Ford Pills and I can work all day without getting tired.

For indigestion, Constipation, Stomach Troubles, Rheumatism & Headaches, Ford Pills are the gentle, tasteless, painless laxative for all your family.

In plastic tubes,  
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**A**FTERWARDS we were just sitting there in a daze, holding hands. Suddenly Cary jumped up as if someone had put a match under his chair. "Let's go for a walk."

It was a beautiful night. We walked up the Champs-Élysées and had dinner in a small place. Afterwards we just walked round, holding hands. Cary said he wasn't much of a dancer.

"That's fine," I said. "I don't feel like dancing to-night." I wondered what had come over me. I had always been crazy about dancing.

He rode home with me on the Metro and said good-bye in front of the house. We made a date for the following week. I ran up the stairs, three at a time. I opened the kitchen door and stopped. Maman was sitting in her chair, crocheting, and next to her was Jean-Jacques. He was the last man I wanted to see right now.

"It's about time," he said, and looked at his monstrous autobus driver's watch. "Almost one."

"Yes," I said. "Why don't you go to bed and let maman sleep?"

"Not before I talk to you, Colette." He got up, very formal. "I already spoke to your mother. Will you marry me, Colette?"

I stood dumbfounded. Then I broke into laughter. "But I'm not in love with you, Jean-Jacques."

"It's an outmoded prejudice of a past era that one has to be in love to get married," he said. "If only those people would get married who are in love, France's already dangerously low population index will decline even further."

"You are not addressing a meeting of bus drivers," I said. "Don't make speeches."

Maman saw how angry I was. She pushed him out of the kitchen.

"He's crazy," I said. "Why doesn't he marry his second-floor hosiery-and-underwear beauties? He has to pick on me?"

"He said he realised it this afternoon when you came out and he kissed you," maman said. "I always say, never kiss them in the street. She looked at me questioningly. "With whom were you out to-night?"

I told her. Everything I have no secrets before maman. She smiled. "It's bad, cherie. This American is engaged to get married. It isn't right."

"I love him, maman."

## Never Kiss 'Em in the Street

Continued from page 9

"That still doesn't make it right," I said. "Remember what father used to say about catching one's own happiness, maman?"

She turned away, and I knew there were tears in her eyes. "Brush your teeth and go to bed," she said.

I won't forget the following month as long as I live. Monsieur Duval threatened to send me back to facials. Jean-Jacques said he was going to marry me, which was bad, and Cary didn't say anything, which was even worse. He would wait for me near the store, we would have dinner at the little restaurant which he had come to call "our" place, and then we would walk around hand in hand.

We didn't mention Anatole or Tweedles any longer. A few times I made a start to tell him about Jean-Jacques, but what was the use of spoiling the few remaining days of happiness? Soon Tweedles would be here, they would get married, and that would be the end of it.

Fortunately, Jean-Jacques was busy with new wage demands, and that left me more time with Cary. The night Jean-Jacques was scheduled to address a mass meeting of the autobus operators in the Salle Wagram, Cary and I had dinner in our little restaurant. Cary was quieter than usual. Time was running out fast. After dinner he phoned the Embassy.

"Darling, I'll have to take you home," he said. "There's a cable for me and they want me to finish a report."

We hardly spoke on the way home. In front of the house he took me into his arms. "Colette, I've been thinking about the two of us. When I can't sleep at night and lie there with my eyes wide open—"

Something inside me did a triple somersault.

"Darling," he said, "I love you. And I want—"

A bus came swerving around the corner and stopped next to us with a piercing shriek. Everybody rushed to the windows and out of doors. There had never been a bus in our narrow street. Then I saw that there were no passengers inside and heard Jean-Jacques' voice. He was behind the wheel.

"Quick, get in, you two!" he shouted.

We were too stunned to ask any

questions. We found ourselves inside the bus and Jean-Jacques raced off, driving like a mudman, screaming at pedestrians, cursing the police.

"I'm taking you to our mass meeting!" he shouted over his shoulder. "Imagine having an American diplomat as an observer! Formidable! I'll swing the vote of our men!"

Cary grabbed my arm. "I can't go there!" He had to shout to be heard. "I have orders not to get mixed up in the internal affairs of the French population, Anatole!"

"Did I say anything when you took Colette out?" Jean-Jacques shouted back. "Now I ask you for a little favor and—"

"Stop the bus, Anatole!" Cary shouted. "I'm getting out."



"Nonsense, Parker — I'm just taking a bath!"

I grabbed his arm. "You can't jump, cherie. You'll kill yourself!"

"What do you care? You helped him to get me into this mess!"

"I helped him?" I was so mad I could have pushed him out.

"Go get married to your Anatole!" he boomed. "I wouldn't care if—"

I never found out what Cary wouldn't care if, because Jean-Jacques turned into Avenue de Wagram so sharply that I was thrown to the floor. The brakes screeched, and the bus came to a halt. Jean-Jacques yelled and a dozen men came in and grabbed Cary. They lifted him up and carried him above their heads to the entrance. Cary

struggled valiantly, but it was no use.

"Stop them!" I shouted to the police cordon by the entrance. "He's an American! You must protect him!"

My voice was drowned in the ensuing pandemonium. Flats, heads, bodies intermingled. Cary stood in the centre of the storm and fought everybody. There were whistles, screams, flash bulbs. Then police cars drove up and everybody was pushed in, including Cary.

I went back to the Metro and rode home. When I got out I saw the extras on the news-stands.

The headlines said: AMERICAN DIPLOMAT CAUSES INTERNATIONAL SCANDAL, AND FRANCE REJECTS FOREIGN INTERFERENCE. One paper had a picture of Cary, floating high above the heads of the crowd, his feet and hands in the air, like an upturned beetle.

I ran home. Maman sat by the radio. The announcer said, "According to last reports the American diplomat causing the incident at the Salle Wagram has been taken to the prefecture de police. The American Embassy is said to have intervened. The Minister of the Interior has ordered an investigation."

I went to my room and sat down on the bed. I don't know why I cared. It was all over anyway. The way he had shouted at me in the bus! Besides, Tweedles would be here any day now.

I couldn't sleep all night long. In the morning I went to the American Embassy. A man was talking to a horde of reporters. "We'll have a statement later for you, gentlemen," he said. "Sorry, but the Ambassador is not available. Neither is Cary Lovett."

"Will he be sent back to the States?" they asked.

"Strictly off the record, gentlemen—yes."

Poor Cary. Out of a job and probably disinherited by his relatives. So what? He was marrying Tweedles and she had oodles of money.

I walked back through the Rue Royale. The papers said that the bus operators had been granted their wage demands, owing to M. Jean-Jacques Veber's "master stroke of publicity." Jean-Jacques had been elected their new spokesman. I was so mad I threw the paper away.

**I**T was almost noon when I came into the Grand Boulevard. Marianne and another girl stood at my counter. Monsieur Duval looked at his watch.

"Nice of you to drop in at all," he said. "No more perfumes for you, Colette. Back to facials."

I walked over to the facials counter and sat down. After a while there was a commotion at the door and then I saw Cary. He was running, waving a cablegram through the air.

"Colette, darling!" he shouted. "Will you marry me?"

It was a good thing I was sitting. My knees felt like melted cold cream.

"Read this! It just came!" He showed me the cablegram:

"Cary dear what have you done all over front pages sorry also sorry married Jim last night don't blame me blame your perfume Jim went crazy over Delirium Love Tweedles."

"Jim," I mumbled.

"The blond paratrooper who wanted to marry you, remember? Funny," Cary said, looking at the cable. "I didn't send her Delirium. Or did I?"

I didn't answer. He gave me no time. He lifted me up and whirled me around.

"Darling!" he said. "Let's get married and go to America."

"But your job at the Embassy? You've lost it."

"Thank goodness. I hated every minute of it."

Monsieur Duval approached us. "Congratulations," he said. "And here—a wedding present. Compliments of the Grand Boulevard."

Cary looked down at the bottle. "If you don't mind, Monsieur, I'd rather have Innocent. Delirium No. 3 is not the right perfume for my future wife."

Outside, Cary took me in his arms. "You didn't give me your answer."

"My answer?"

"Whether you want to marry me." My answer was a kiss. Then we kissed again. Nobody stared. The people walked politely around us without paying any attention. I wonder whether the people in Boston will be as understanding.

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All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

"Tired Blood" and IRREGULARITY go hand-in-hand!

**REMEDIATION!** When your blood lacks iron it gets weak and tired, clogged with impurities. Pimples, blackheads and blemishes follow. Kellogg's All-Bran cleanses out blood impurities as it cleanses out intestinal impurities. Helps keep skin clear and healthy.

**ALL-BRAN ENRICHES THE BLOOD**

You don't know how well you can feel until you enrich your blood with IRON and become regular the natural way—at the same time! Kellogg's All-Bran is rich in iron, actually richer than spinach. It helps build good red blood.

## BANISH IRREGULARITY

—and build yourself UP!

Nut-sweet **KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN** is a **NATURAL LAXATIVE, HEALTH FOOD** and **BLOOD TONIC** as well

Your health depends on what you eat every day. This natural, nut-sweet breakfast food stimulates and maintains daily regularity—as it builds you up! No medicines needed.

Kellogg's All-Bran is not a purgative, but a natural health food. That is good, because your health depends on what you eat—not on medicines.

**Smooth-acting Bulk.** For natural elimination there is nothing else like All-Bran. It supplies the BULK your system needs every day—the vital bulk that is so often cooked out of our modern foods. The smooth-acting bulk in Kellogg's All-Bran helps prepare internal wastes for quick, easy and daily elimination.

**Builds You Up.** Kellogg's All-Bran is different from ordinary laxatives or

purgatives in another way, too. It is an important source of Vitamins B, for the nerves, B, for the eyes, Calcium for the teeth, Phosphorus for the bones, and Nicotin for the skin. That is why it helps to build you UP day by day as it relieves constipation. So change to Kellogg's All-Bran... effective, gentle, pleasant and safe.

**Delicious This Way...**

Just sprinkle Kellogg's All-Bran over your breakfast cereal. It has a tasty, toasted, nutty flavour. You may prefer to eat it straight out of the packet with sliced fruit, milk and sugar. Or you can make it up into delicious cooked dishes (recipes on every packet). Ask for Kellogg's All-Bran to-day. Sold at all grocers.



### All-Bran Pancakes

1 cup Kellogg's All-Bran, 11 cups softening flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 egg, 2 cups milk, 1 cup melted shortening.

Moisten All-Bran with 1 cup milk. Sift flour, salt, sugar into basin. Add beaten egg, All-Bran mixture, and gradually stir in remaining milk, mixing evenly. Stir in melted shortening. Cook spoonful of the mixture on pre-heated greased griddle, iron, or thick fry-pan, until golden brown, turning each cake once. Serve at once with honey, maple syrup, fruit or hard sauce.

Remember! Your health depends on what you EAT.



**VITAMIN B1. for the Nerves**  
**VITAMIN B2. for the Eyes**  
**PHOSPHORUS for the Bones**  
**CALCIUM for the Teeth**  
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**ALL-BRAN** ★





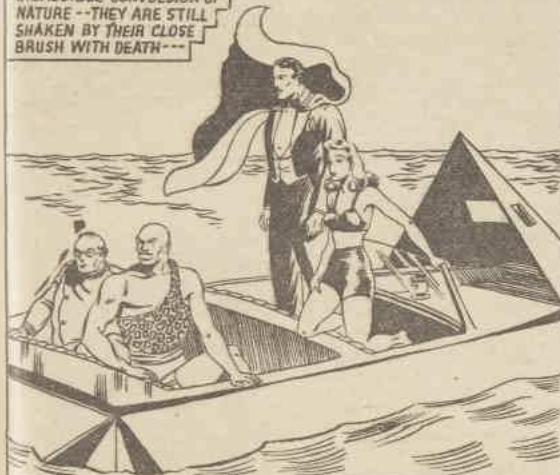
# Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, go with **COLONEL BARTON:** In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board the yacht **Argos** is **BETTY:** His daughter. Final clue sends them to an island ringed by fire where pearls lie like pebbles on the beach. Barton sees a gem-studded idol, topples it, although warned by

Mandrake that the idol is a safety valve. Immediately steam shoots forth, the island shudders, and begins to sink into the sea. Racing to the beach, the party gains the speedboat, and heads to safety through the wall of flame, battling with the whirlpool which is sucking the island down. The drag of the whirlpool lessens. **NOW READ ON:**

THEN--THEY ARE OUT OF IT! THEY STOP--TO WATCH THE INCREDIBLE CONVULSION OF NATURE--THEY ARE STILL SHAKEN BY THEIR CLOSE BRUSH WITH DEATH--



FOR IT IS AN AMAZING SIGHT--PERHAPS NEVER AGAIN TO BE SEEN! THE GREAT WALL OF FLAME, FED BY SEA-BOTTOM OIL DEPOSITS--IS DRAWN INTO THE VORTEX....



--AND THEN--ALL DISAPPEAR--FLAME PEARL ISLAND--THE WALL OF FLAME--ALL GONE, VANISHED BENEATH THE CALM SURFACE OF THE TROPICAL SEA! THE MOTORBOAT FINALLY REACHES THE "ARGOS"...



BARTON CANNOT BE CONSOLED--HE HAS COME AWAY FROM THE LOST ISLAND WITH NOT A SINGLE FLAME PEARL--THERE HAD BEEN MILLIONS ON THE BEACH--ALL GONE NOW--IN HIS GREED TO GET TOO MUCH--HE GOT NOTHING!



"IF ONLY I HAD PICKED UP EVEN ONE! WHO COULD FORESEE THAT THE BLAMED ISLAND WOULD SINK THE MINUTE WE PUT FOOT ON IT?" MOANS BARTON. --"I'M GLAD YOU THINK IT'S FUNNY," HE SNAPS AT BETTY. "MY YEARS OF SEARCHING HAVE ENDED IN NOTHING!"



"NOT QUITE, DAD," SMILES BETTY. "I FILLED UP MY BATHING CAP WHILE WE WERE ON THE BEACH." BARTON STARES. THE CAP IS BRIMMING WITH THE FABLOUS FLAME PEARLS!



TO BE CONTINUED

## News from the studios

By cable from  
LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

**HUMPHREY BOGART** and **Lauren Bacall** are reading plays with an eye to appearing in summer stock—which is Lauren's idea.

She has never been on the stage, though Bogart soared to fame with the Broadway hit, "The Petrified Forest," which is one of the plays submitted to them for summer consideration. The other is "Winteret." Bogart was listed in Washington as the highest-paid actor of the year, but says he still can't figure out where all the money went.

**JENNIFER JONES** goes into Warner's "Victoria Grandoleit," which the studio bought for Bette Davis but decided it was too much like her "Jezebel." Jennifer's fiancé, David O. Selznick, may set up permanent production in Europe.

**WILLIAM POWELL** returns to the "Thin Man" type of comedy in "Take One False Step." It'll be the first movie for some time in which he doesn't cavort in flashy pyjamas. His hair will be ginger-colored for the film, after being red in "Life With Father," white in "The Senator Was Indiscreet," and grey in "Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid."

**ROBERT MONTGOMERY** is dickering over going to England this summer to direct and star in "Your Witness" with an all-British cast. He plans to leave in May with his family if his independent production deal with Dave Rose is successful.

**PRODUCER** Walter Wanger plans to ship Susan Hayward to South Africa to star in the washbuckling 18th century African story, "Anne of the Indies." She'll play the fiery red-haired Irish heroine in Guy Endore's script.

## In A.M. for March

DO you know that in making only one bed you probably walk nine miles a year farther than you should?

Or that when you do the week-end shopping you lift loads that can rick your back or hurt you internally?

There is a right way to do most of the tiring jobs that confront the average housewife.

A.M. for March, on sale this Tuesday, March 1, tells you this right way in a series of amusing drawings.

They cover washing, shopping, making beds, ironing, climbing stairs, opening windows that stick, and working in the kitchen.

The March issue of A.M. will also contain picture stories on:

- Rita Hayworth, the film actress whom American club-women are boycotting because of her affair with a married Indian prince.

- Lord Howe Island, the Madeira of the Pacific, which tourists "discovered" eighteen months ago.

- Barbara Ann Scott, world champion figure-skater, who has turned professional so that she can help crippled and underprivileged children.

- Two pictures to frame. Painted by Adrian Feint, a leading Sydney painter, these two flower pieces are reproduced in full color.

A.M. is Australia's biggest selling monthly magazine.

You can be sure of a copy by ordering it.

Price, one shilling.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Chancery Street, Sydney





VALLI, star of many Italian films and two made in America, is now in England as co-star for the film, "The Third Man," a London Films production directed by Carol Reed. She will return to America after a holiday with her family at Lake Como, in Italy.

## Famous star has lonely life as London visitor

Alida Valli misses Hollywood home and friends

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

The most beautiful woman in London is also one of the loneliest.

She is Valli—of the dark hair, the slow smile, and the smouldering eyes; the star from Italy, whose latest film released in England, "The Paradine Case," has won her a large fan following and the admiration of critics.

VALLI is here from Hollywood to make "The Third Man" with Orson Welles and Joseph Cotten, under direction of Carol Reed.

But when I visited her at her flat near Hyde Park corner she was recovering from influenza, and facing a vista of lonely, empty days until her name again came up on the film's shooting schedule.

"I don't know anybody in London—not a soul," she told me, raising her eyebrows and giving a helpless shrug. "So I just sit about in my flat. Twice I have taken my little boy Charlie to a pantomime. I love them, but much more I love watching Charlie's face, which is a picture."

"He misses Rebecca, Rita Hayworth's little daughter," she said.

"We are neighbors in California. In fact, I think Charlie is as lonely in London as I am."

In two years Valli has come to talk almost flawless English. Her voice is husky, with the faintest mingling of American drawl and liquid Italian in the background, and a

pleasant hesitancy as she searches for the right word.

No portrait would ever do Valli justice. It is only when her face becomes alive with thought and emotion that she is seen to be really beautiful.

Valli knows none of those meaningless platitudes which often compose social chit-chat between strangers. She looks at you candidly out of deep blue, almond-shaped eyes, and there is a shy but compelling quality of sincerity in all she has to say.

I believe it is this sincerity which gives her work strength and great dramatic power; the coming-alive in her face which makes her beautiful; and the sum of these qualities makes the movie camera her ideal biographer; the screen her natural element.

Though Hollywood has been busy building up around her a legend of glamor and considerable mystery, in private life Valli, or Alida Valli, to restore her full name, is the simplest of persons.

Everything about her reflects this simplicity. Her dress, for instance. She buys her clothes ready-made in California, and makes the sellers take off all the trimmings.

All her clothes are black or white and plain.

Chiefly she wears suits with skirts rather short for the new look. And no jewellery, except perhaps a narrow linked diamond necklet with evening dress.

Valli and her husband, the Italian pianist and composer Oscar de Meola, have bought a bungalow at Brentwood, in California. They will live there for another five years during the duration of her present contract.

"After then? I really don't know," she raised her candid eyes.

"I cannot make plans because I do not know what I shall want to do. I am most anxious to go back to Rome after filming 'The Third Man' to see what all my friends in films are doing there now. I have just seen the latest film by our famous director, de Sica, at a private show-

ing in London. It is greater even than 'Shoeshine.' You must see it."

During a break in filming on location of "The Third Man"—much of which was made in Vienna—Valli managed to get down from Austria to Como, on the Swiss-Italian border, where her family lives. There was an ecstatic reunion.

She talked about it with a hint of homesickness in her voice.

In her first British film Valli plays the girl friend of Orson Welles, a racketeer in diluted penicillin. The film opens with the funeral of Welles, but that is only a trick. His real funeral is nicely timed for later in the film.

Meanwhile, to while away her loneliness in London, Valli has returned to her most cherished pastime, writing letters.

She sends long ones to her husband, who now has a band at an Arizona hotel; to Alfred Hitchcock and his wife, who are among her particular Hollywood friends; and to her family in Como, Italy.

She tells me she has made most of her friends outside the film colony.



ZACHARY SCOTT, suave and sophisticated Warner star, mixes a cocktail at his Hollywood home. His next film is "Whiplash."



SHIRLEY TEMPLE caused surprise with a new short haircut when she arrived at a party with her husband, John Agar.

## TALKING OF FILMS

By MARJORIE BECKINGSALE

### ★★★ The Search

RARELY from any studio in the world comes a film which is as simple, as dramatic, and as rich an experience as "The Search."

Made in Europe for M.G.M. by the Swiss producer Lazar Wechsler and director Fred Zinneman, it is in brief the story of Europe's greatest tragedy of this age, its displaced children.

This is a film for everybody to see, because the story of one pathetic waif epitomizes the whole problem of the helpless children, whose fate is the world's responsibility.

For sheer honesty of production, dialogue, and acting "The Search" stands out, and all who see it will be profoundly moved.

The producer took his international cast—and a superb one it is—to Germany for authentic location scenes.

Apart from Aline MacMahon, Montgomery Clift, Wendell Corey, and Jermila Novotna, the cast is non-professional.

Almost unbelievable is the skill with which a young untrained Czech boy, Ivan Jandl, plays the central figure of Karel Malik.

In discussing a film which is so intensely dramatic, it may sound odd to say that it is completely sensible.

There is no straining after effect. Officials of U.N.R.R.A. who are faced with the appalling task of trying to find relatives of the lonely children are hard-working people who cannot allow themselves to be more than briskly sympathetic.

The American worker portrayed

### OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent  
★★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars — below average.

so magnificently by newcomer Montgomery Clift never allows any mushy sentimentality to intrude on his self-appointed task of trying to win the affection and trust of a child whose only memories are clouded by horror and distrust.

The same applies to the attitude of Aline MacMahon as a welfare worker.

The story moves swiftly into its atmosphere of reality.

To an U.N.R.R.A. camp comes a group of displaced children, unsmiling, terrified, morose, and utterly pathetic.

One of them is a small boy who had been separated from his parents in a Nazi concentration camp and whose memory is blurred.

Taken by Red Cross ambulance to another depot, the children become frantic with fright at the noise of the car's exhaust, because they think it may gas them, and they break out.

Karel (Ivan Jandl) then wanders helplessly round the ruins of the city. He is picked up by an American worker, and fights like a little animal to escape.

It takes weeks of patience and seemingly off-hand kindness to make him even try to speak.

Side by side with the child's adventures are those of his mother, the only remaining member of a once happy Czech family.

She starts on a search for her son, and will not believe that he is dead. This role is beautifully handled by Jermila Novotna.

Reunion of mother and son is the one concession to romantic drama. The photography by Emil Berna is an object lesson. His camera moves among the shattered city ruins, and produces pictures which speak as forcibly as the dialogue.

I consider that "The Search" is one of the finest examples of the ability to combine a powerful social message with high-quality entertainment that I have ever seen.

The film is at the Liberty.

**KRAFT 1oz. TINS  
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2 for 7<sup>10</sup>  
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SIX VARIETIES: Anchovy, Bonchovy, Lobster, Bloater, Lobster & Tomato, Herring & Tomato.

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SLIGHTLY DEARER IN COUNTRY DISTRICTS. KFS





VERA-ELLEN (M.G.M.) has been given the nickname of "The Dash," because of the unusual hyphenating of her name and the vigor she puts into her work as a dancing star. She was selected by Gene Kelly to partner him in a spectacular apache number

in the technicolor "Words and Music," a story of the song-writing careers of Rodgers and Hart. It was Richard Rodgers who was instrumental in bringing Vera-Ellen to Hollywood some years ago. She has appeared since in several technicolor musicals.



# Daren't show her teeth...

except to her mirror...

Gum infection is the cause!  
HELP GUARD YOUR GUMS AGAINST INFECTION  
BY REGULAR USE OF **S.R. TOOTHPASTE**

Even the strongest, whitest teeth can be lost through gum infection — help guard your gums by sensible care with S.R. Toothpaste. Unhealthy gums may lead to extraction after extraction — don't wait until infection sets in. With S.R., keep your teeth sound and sparkling in firm, healthy gums. Clean your teeth with S.R. — to keep them dazzling white — brush and massage your gums with S.R. to look after their well-being, too.

S.R. Toothpaste contains Sodium Ricinoleate, often used in the treatment of inflamed bleeding gums and gum rot.

## S.R. TOOTHPASTE



HELP SAVE TEETH WITH THE NEW KIND OF TOOTHPASTE

SR4142WWg



1 **SEEKING ADVICE**, Derek Waterhouse (Michael Dennison) tells his fiancée, Mary Dearing (Claire Bloom), he suspects his employer, Lord Brasted, of stealing from displaced persons relief fund.



2 **ANGRY DENIAL** is given by Lord Brasted (Hugh Williams) when Derek accuses him; he attempts to bribe Derek, who then resigns to investigate trust fund.

## THE BLIND GODDESS

**SIR PATRICK HASTINGS**, K.C., one of Britain's most eminent lawyers, wrote "The Blind Goddess," a drama of a libel action.

Gainsborough filmed the story, and starred Eric Portman, Hugh Williams, Anne Crawford, and Michael Dennison.

The plot is built round the life of a politician who sues his former secretary for libel, though he knows the secretary told the truth.

The film was produced by Betty Box and directed by Harold French.



3 **LIBEL WRIT** is issued against Derek by Lord Brasted after Derek informs Prime Minister about thefts.



4 **LAWYER** Sir John Dearing (Eric Portman) sees love letter allegedly written by Derek to Lady Brasted.



5 **USING LETTER** as chief evidence, Sir John obtains verdict of libel against Derek, but daughter Mary proves to him that letter was really written to her, and that Lady Brasted stole it.



6 **HEARING NEWS** of mistake about letter, Lord Brasted realises that truth of his crime will be made public by Sir John, and he decides to commit suicide.

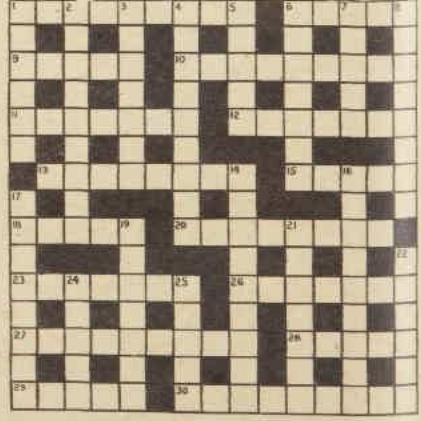
## CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 31

### ACROSS

- Voyaging fares gain when requisited (9).
- Flat wasteland a mine athlete found central (5).
- Reviling language you may make a sailor employ (5).
- Victorious when one set in the good fellow who is a card to against Harry (8).
- When trudging along what's the hock useful for? (7).
- Turn a word for a lair who is upset being under water too long! (7).
- Real time (anag.) (8).
- Reigning duke's territory (5).
- Before you leave out both upright (5).
- Making small landowners old you ought to conclude many are in it (8).
- Thrust out the next rudest found hiding inside (7).
- Where association members may sleep finds us beaten (7).
- I got in can (anag.) (3) conceals a girl so completely (10).
- The gloomy are content, love (5).
- Surrender (5).
- Stuckest advertisement the man learns for his supporters! (6).

### DOWN

- One of thousands in spats turns up and puts his foot down hard! (5).
- A ballet you might expect of the hot and cross in plenty (5).
- Gobbled up a person in bed in the artist's studio? (7).
- King it, yet it should be recast if honesty is shown (9).
- His cricket may be a sham Monday where he's in (7).
- Like a layer of grey (5).
- I sold hay when broken-up for vacation (8).
- He's unlikely to be found in the express carriage! (5).
- A home with vegetable after starting at Sea is capital and all (9).
- With speed a salad vegetable contains it (8).
- Walked wearily (7).
- A light by day turns red when it comes apart (7).
- Worships fust before rescue but gives no hint with it (6).
- Thanks cherub, but polish removes the stain (5).
- 6 across is in a different form for all I care! (5).



### SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 27

ACROSS: 1—Punsader, 5—Cow-shed, 9—Lo-gical, 10—Alma-nac (can turned), 11—Roe (hidden), 12—Out-standing, 13—Milliners, 14—Pag-in, 17—Lie, 18—Sprig, 20—Odd-fellow, 21—Crypt-agra-ph (argo turned), 25—Tix, 27—It's-it (tic turned), 28—Pra-tine, 29—Claymore (anag.), 30—C-is-tern.

DOWN: 1—Pill-grim (lip turned), 2—Magi-cal, 3—Doc-in-ting (cod turned), 4—Split, 5—Chas-is-ed, 6—Woman (anag.), 7—Fun-ty-g, 8—Dewson, 14—E-long-at-es (see turned), 15—Rid, 16—Pinshpois (stop h. self turned), 18—Sacking, 19—Royalty, 21—Lettuce, 22—Wn-tern, 24—Tache (knag), 25—Aspie.

PRIZES FOR CROSSWORD No. 27: £10 to Mrs. M. Lewis, 98 Rowan St., Wangaratta, Vic. £5 to Mr. W. I. Vennor, Flat 2, 187 Carlton Crescent, Summer Hill, N.S.W. £2 to L. Milligan, 41 Princess St., Balmain, Brisbane.



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ASTOR PERSONAL PORTABLE, Model K.Q. — tiny but it's packed full of power! Amazingly long range! So personally yours — £21-19-6.



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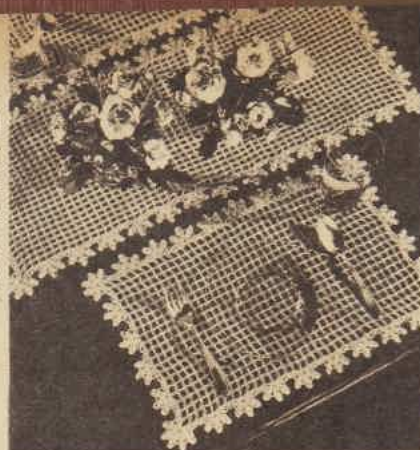
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WESAC

Wide range of Fashion Patterns.

See the March issue of the Australian Home Budget — available all newsagents 6d.

THE DAISY-PETAL edging gives such a pretty finish to these place mats. Centrepiece measures 10 x 20 1/2 inches, and each place mat measures 8 1/2 x 14 inches — sufficient to take all silver and cutlery for luncheon needs.



## Dainty luncheon set in crochet

EVERY crochet-lover will want to make a luncheon set like the one pictured here.

The oblong centerpiece, with accompanying mats, is a change from the circular ones so often designed in crochet.

You'll find the pattern easy to manage, so start on a set right away. Here are the simple directions:

**Materials:** Coats' Mercer-Crochet No. 40, 7 balls (20 gram) selected color; Milward's steel crochet-hook No. 4. (Slack workers could use a No. 41 hook and tight workers a No. 31.)

**Tension:** 3 sps., 1 in. (2.5 cm.).  
**Measurements:** Centrepiece: 10 in. x 20 1/2 in. (25.5 cm. x 52 cm.). Place Mats: 8 1/2 in. x 14 in. (21.5 cm. x 36 cm.).

**Abbreviations:** Ch., chain; sl-st., slip-stitch; d.c., double crochet; dbl-tr., double treble, trip-tr., triple treble; sp., space; st., stitch.

**PLACE MAT (make 2)**  
Commence at lower edge with 196 ch.

**1st Row:** 1 dbl-tr. into 11th ch. from hook, 1 dbl-tr. into next ch. (3 ch., miss 3 ch., 1 dbl-tr. into each of next 3 ch.) 34 times, 3 ch., miss 3 ch., 1 dbl-tr. into next ch., 1 ch., turn.  
**2nd Row:** 1 d.c. into next dbl-tr. (3 ch., 1 d.c. into each of next 2 dbl-tr.) 35 times, 3 ch., miss 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., 7 ch., turn.

**3rd Row:** Miss 1 d.c. and 3 ch., 1 dbl-tr. into each of next 2 d.c., (3 ch., 1 dbl-tr. into each of next 2 d.c.) 34 times, 3 ch., 1 dbl-tr. into next d.c., 1 ch., turn.

The last two rows (2nd and 3rd rows) constitute the pattern. Work in patt. until 39 rows are complete, having 36 sps. across.

**EDGING**  
**1st Row:** 1 ch., 4 d.c. into each sp. and 1 d.c. into each st. all round, making 3 d.c. in centre st. of each corner sp., 1 sl-st. into first d.c.  
**2nd Row:** 1 ch., 1 d.c. into each d.c. working 3 d.c. into centre d.c. of 3 d.c. group, 1 sl-st. into first d.c. Fasten off.

**3rd Row:** Attach thread in d.c. over



CORNER close-up of crocheted place mat, showing squared pattern and daisy-petal edging.

**3rd dbl-tr. group to left of any corner, 1 d.c. into same place as join, \* 4 ch., 1 d.c. in d.c. over next dbl-tr. group, (2 ch., 1 d.c. into same d.c.) 3 times, 4 ch., 1 d.c. into d.c. over next dbl-tr. group, turn, 1 trip-tr. into first 2 ch. sp., 3 ch., 5 trip-tr. into same sp., (3 ch., 5 trip-tr. into next sp.) twice, 3 ch., 1 trip-tr. into same sp., 1 sl-st. into next d.c., 4 ch., 1 d.c. into d.c. over next dbl-tr. group, turn, 1 sl-st. into each of next 4 ch., 1 sl-st. into next trip-tr., (1 sl-st. into each of next 3 ch., 1 sl-st. into next trip-tr., 5 ch., 1 trip-tr. into each of next 3 trip-tr., leaving the last loop of each on hook, thread over and pull through all loops on hook, 5 ch., 1 sl-st. into next trip-tr.) 3 times, 1 sl-st. into each of next 3 ch., 5 ch., 1 trip-tr. into next trip-tr., 1 d.c. in d.c. over next dbl-tr. group, 4 ch., 1 d.c. in d.c. over next dbl-tr. group; repeat from \* making flower in corner with (2 ch., 1 d.c. into corner st.) 5 times (thus making 5 petals instead of 3). 1 sl-st. in st. where thread was attached.  
Fasten off.**

**CENTREPIECE**  
Commence with 126 ch. and work same as place mat, having 24 sps. across. Work 113 rows. Make edging as for place mat.  
Damp and press.

## Miss Precious

Minutes says:

MILK makes an excellent cleaner for patent leather shoes. A sponge should be used to apply it, and the leather allowed to dry for a few moments. Polish with a soft cloth.

A PIECE of flannel soaked in paraffin and rubbed over linoleum will preserve the surface, remove the dirt and stains, and make it last much longer.

TO bring brilliancy out in cut-glass, add ammonia to the water in which it is to be rinsed. All glass should be dried immediately and not drained.

AN easy way to soften hard water is to throw orange peel into the water just before using.



TO PREVENT mustard from drying and caking in the mustard pot, add a little salt when mixing it with the milk.



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Styled to suit the new slim waist, with lovely contours to make you lovelier. In seven-American dress sizes, each in two lengths — tailored to really fit YOU. Sold by better shops everywhere.

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# Dress Sense by Betty Keep

**E**ARLY autumn naturally brings suits to the fore, and many in the new season's collections show interesting color combinations, sometimes allied with black.

These interesting combinations are ideal if you have plain and patterned materials, as has the reader whose letter I answer first this week.

## Check and plain

"COULD you please tell me if contrasting jackets and skirts are still fashionable, and, if so, are the jackets worn long or short? I have enough tweed in grey-and-amarthyst tone check for the skirt and enough plain black cloth to make the jacket. I'm 5ft. 6in., weigh 9 stone 6 pounds, aged 27, and a smart dresser."

Contrast both in color and material is still good fashion. A jacket can be long or short; it depends on the silhouette you intend to follow. A new and very smart trend is a suit with back interest expressed by some form of fullness. With your tall slim figure you could not do better than follow this line. Have the jacket hip-length, with a peplum jutting out in cartridge-like folds, and the skirt cut to match the back flare of the jacket.

## Bridegroom's suit

"WOULD you please tell me what is considered the correct type of suit for a bridegroom and the best man to wear at an afternoon wedding?"

The groom sets the style for the men of the bridal party; this, of course, includes the father of the

• Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

bride, or whoever has been chosen to give the bride away. Strictly speaking a morning coat and striped trousers are correct attire for the bridegroom to wear for an afternoon wedding. However, since the war, a number of men prefer to wear instead a grey or blue business suit, preferably double-breasted, with a white shirt, dark socks and tie, and black shoes. If the bridegroom does decide on the latter he will conform to to-day's informal wedding scene.

## A big figure

"HAVING read the sound advice you give to others on fashions, I thought I would ask for a little for myself. I am only 23, but very big; I want to wear the 'new look,' but can't decide if it is suitable for my figure."

There is no reason why you can't wear the current silhouette as long as you don't in any way exaggerate the line. In matter of actual fact, the silhouette will need to be slightly modified for your figure. You did not tell me your measurements, but as you used the word "big" I imagine you are tall. This being the case, you can wear the longer skirtline, and wear it well. If your



CHECK and plain black allied to make a smart autumn suit.

shoulders are square, the current soft sloping shoulder, minus a dress-pad, will be good for you, because the less bulk the better. A V cut as low as your figure will allow will easily be your most flattering neckline. Be sure to use only simple finishing details. A gored skirt is number one flatterer for the large figure, and it can be quite wide. Have your waistline defined, but be sure to avoid accenting it with wide or contrasting belts.

## Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"MARIE" and "SALLY." Two attractive new blouse designs made in a fine poplin-like spun, printed with a small-sized colored spot on a white ground. Colors obtainable are green, red, blue, and brown.

"MARIE" Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 24/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 26/3. Postage, 8d. extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 17/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 19/6. Postage, 8d. extra.

"SALLY" Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 29/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 32/9. Postage, 9d. extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 21/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 23/11. Postage, 9d. extra.

"NOELENE." A charming short-sleeved suit made in a printed floral crease-resisting spun. The colors include: Teal-blue with navy and white; deep gold with brown and white; green with brown and white; sage-blue with navy and white; rose with burgundy and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 59/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 63/9. Postage, 1/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 46/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 48/11. Postage, 1/9 extra.

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.  
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Box 363A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
Box 461G, G.P.O., Perth.  
Box 463P, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
Box 183C, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
Tasmania: Box 184P, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.  
(N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

## for Young Men with busy feet

Running, shuffling, kicking—how their shoes work! But Paddle shoes are made for rough wear—with solid leather soles and uppers sewn with strong linen thread. They're comfortable, too, and they always look smart.



F. 163: Boys' and Youths' Black Calf Oxford. Also in Tan. American Welted Sole. Digger Last. Sizes 11-1, 13-3



F. 165: Boys' and Youths' Tan Calf Brogue Shoe. Also in Black. American Welted Sole. Digger Last. Sizes 11-7



## Paddle

CHILDREN'S SHOES



# YEASTON LAX

The chocolate flavoured Laxative

IN BOTTLES OF 24 1'6

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Vitamin treatment for irregularity

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## HEARNE'S FOR BRONCHITIS TICKLING COUGH?

Tackle the tickle with a trickle of HEARNE'S

## COUGHS & COLDS





# Toni

## IS HERE!

The Home Perm used  
by over 20,000,000  
American Women

For the very first time, Australian women can follow the lead of 20,000,000 American women and adopt the wonderful Toni Home Permanent Wave. You'll hardly believe how lovely it is until you've tried it. So soft, so smooth, so natural looking . . . truly, the loveliest wave you've ever had in your life!



### Which twin has the Toni

AND WHICH HAS THE EXPENSIVE PERM?



It's hard to tell them apart, but one of these lovely twins has had a Toni perm and her sister an expensive salon permanent wave. You can stop guessing! The twin at the right has the Toni. But, before you give yourself a Toni, you will want to know—

**Will TONI give me a loose or tight permanent wave?** With Toni you can have just the right amount of curl that suits you best—from a loose wave to a halo of tight ringlets. Just follow the simple directions for timing.

**Will TONI work on my hair?** Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including grey, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

**Will TONI save me time?** Definitely. The actual waving time is only 1 to 3 hours.

**How long will my TONI last?** Your Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as the most expensive salon permanent.

**How about having a TONI party?** Grand idea! Invite your friends for the afternoon and get each of them to bring her Toni kit. You'll have fun while your perms are taking.

**Where can I buy TONI?** At all chemists and cosmetic counters of department stores.



**ONE** Roll your hair up in Toni curlers. Dab on Toni Creme Waving Lotion as you go.



**TWO** Tie a turban round your head and do whatever you like while the wave is 'taking'.



**THREE** Saturate each curl with Toni Neutralizer, rinse and then set in your favourite hair style.

# Toni

THE CREME COLD WAVE

Distributed by the Gillette Safety Razor Company of Australia Pty. Ltd.

The Australian Women's Weekly — March 5, 1948

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REFILLS 10¢

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Be sure—switch today to safe, new  
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**New Odorono Cream**  
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NEW ODORONO CREAM not only protects your daintiness up to three days, with the most effective perspiration-stopper known, but, IT GIVES YOU the exclusive extra protection of other perfected Odorono ingredients which check perspiration ODOUR instantly.

Use Odorono Cream for all occasions and keep yourself fresh and charming. Just think! One application of new Odorono Cream in the morning gives you lasting protection up to three days. It will not irritate your skin... it stays soft and smooth down to the last dab. Never grainy. Never gritty. (Even if you leave the cap off.)

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protection  
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Cream



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"Nanette,"  
in super-  
grade felt.  
From lead-  
ing stores.

M.S. 27-2

## SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS

Banish unsightly hairs with the aid of "VANIX." Firstly obtain a bottle of "VANIX" and follow the simple directions. After the first few applications the hairs will become less and less noticeable, then will gradually wither as the

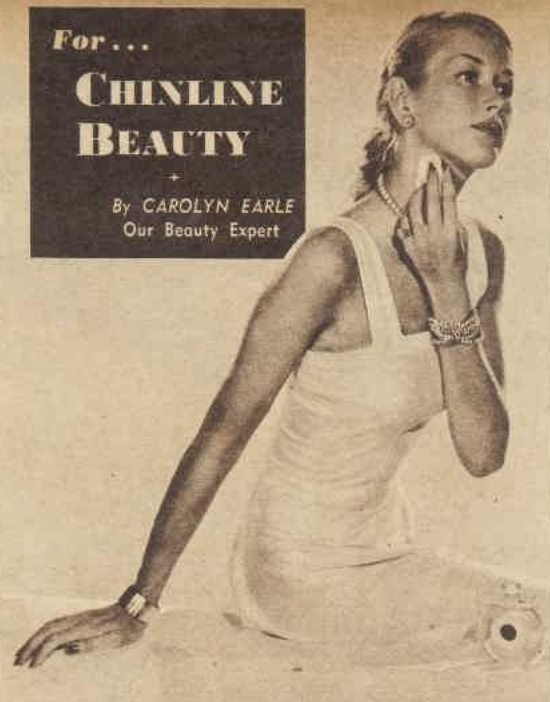
**"VANIX"**

penetrates deeper and deeper into the hair tissues. Finally the de-vitalising effects of "VANIX" will destroy the hairs permanently. Obtainable, price 5/11 a bottle (Post 5/4½), from Hallams Pty., Ltd., 317 George St., Sydney, and all Branches; Meyer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; Swift's Pharmacy, 378 Little Collins St., Melb.; and Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 57B Rundle St., Adelaide.

For...

## CHINLINE BEAUTY

By CAROLYN EARLE  
Our Beauty Expert



● Above a low-cut gown, a smooth, unlined throat curving into a clear, firm chinline is essential to a youthful appearance.

NECK skin is thinner than that of the face, so careful watching and the judicious use of beauty aids are needed to keep it functioning normally.

For the young, preventive and softening care is the line, and corrective measures are important for the mature.

Here is a five-step throat treatment for droopy muscles and dried skin planned to stir up sluggish circulation and coax smoothness to a roughened surface within a reasonable time.

● First step: Cleanse off top skin lightly by smoothing or patting on a small quantity of cream or olive oil.

Commence working at the base of the throat, upward and outward to the hairline; allow the emollient to remain for a few minutes, then remove with a warm, dry facecloth folded over the palm.

● Second step: Saturate a spoon-shaped pad of cotton-wool with chilled astringent or skin fresher and slap briskly all over to rouse lazy cells to action. Fan the skin dry. A folded sheet of paper makes a good fan.

● Third step: For the important moulding section place a small dab of good tissue or emollient cream or warmed olive oil in the left palm, and, beginning down on the chest below the collarbone, slide it all over the throat, using the fingertips of the right hand.

When the area is well covered, cup the hands, and, applying them alternately, mould upwards firmly from collarbone to chinline.

Remember the back of the neck needs beauty care, too. Continuing the same moulding movements, place the right hand on the right shoulder muscle at the base of the neck, the left hand on the left muscle, and work up the spine to well behind the ears.

● Fourth step: For added benefit, to tone the skin and help normalise an upset skin condition, a stimulating cream or lotion may be used with advantage twice a week. These preparations are usually left on for four or five minutes, during which the skin blushes profusely—proof of the penetrating action.

● Fifth step: Now massage for three minutes using a little more of

your tissue cream or warmed oil with long sweeping strokes of the finger-pads, alternating from the front to the back of the neck. Continue until the emollient is sufficiently absorbed and there is a minimum residue on the surface.

Complete the treatment by covering the creamed area with two or three strips of cotton-wool or lengths of gauze moistened or sprayed with astringent. Press on firmly, moulding to the face and neck, and allow to remain so for 15 to 20 minutes.

Where the skin is particularly flabby, wrap an ice-cube in cotton-wool and press it gently over the mask for a few minutes.

There is a comforting variation of this final step to soothe sensitive, flaky complexions.

Having removed the stimulating preparation with tissue or facecloth, saturate the cotton-wool or gauze with warmed oil instead of astringent, and place the strips over the area so that they overlap; apply a warm dry towel over all to retain the warmth, and relax for ten minutes.

Dab off with warm milk and cool with skin fresher.

For anyone who is really anxious to liquidate an incipient double-chin, it's a good plan to tackle a few simple chin-drill exercises as well.

The neck roll is an easy, effective one that can be done at any odd moment: just drop the head forward and move it round in a complete circle, touching each shoulder in turn with the chin in passing.

Of course, posture tricks are half the battle in restoring a graceful neck and head carriage. A favorite check, used by mannequins, is the back-to-the-wall test, in which the length of the spine is pressed flat against a wall while pulling up hard on back of neck muscles.

Throat and neckline care can be divided into three general stages: Under 21, very light, modified massage with soothing, softening agents; 22 to 40, the time to use rich emollients to prevent a deficiency of natural oils, with attention also directed at the shoulders and back to break up fatty deposits; and 40-plus, concentrate on heavier massage, muscle strapping, and extra stimulation of circulation through the entire throat, shoulder, and back area.

## FASHION FLASHES

FROM PARIS

Jacques Fath of Paris  
calls this "SHEPHERDESS"

French original in cotton. Deep-point collar, pannier hips. Don't ruin it by washing with harsh soaps! Frequent Lux dips keep cottons and colours mint-fresh.



NEWS!  
Return of the Chemise!

All lace except the tiny midriff of chiffon. Want undies to last three times as long? Then Lux them after every wearing to whisk out harmful perspiration.



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New... gold kid sandals plus sheer black nylons for cocktail time. Lux delicate stockings every night and they'll last twice as long!

THAT BRAND-NEW LOOK IS THE LUX LOOK



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Cutex, the most widely used Nail Polish in the world, in colors that stay lustrous longer. Cutex is long-lasting... does not chip... doesn't crack... gives your hands that distinctive look.

**CUTEX**  
LIQUID Nail Polish

A.C.3-12



IN THE  
BEAUTIFUL  
NEW  
BOTTLE

2/3



5

## delicious "AEROPHOS" recipes

*that always rise to the occasion!*



### BUTTERSCOTCH SCONES

1 lb. S.R. flour containing "Aerophos"; 2 dessertspoons shortening; pinch of salt; 1 cup milk; 1 cup brown sugar and a little extra butter.

Rub shortening into sifted flour and salt; add milk; mix into dough quickly with knife; roll into half inch thickness on floured pastry board; brush top with softened butter and sprinkle with brown sugar; roll up like swiss roll and cut into 1 inch slices. Place on greased slide cut side down and bake in hot oven approximately 10 minutes.

### CHEESE SCONES

1 lb. S.R. flour containing "Aerophos"; 1 teaspoon salt; 2 ounces grated cheese; 1 dessertspoon Parmesan cheese or extra strong cheese; cayenne pepper; 1 egg; 1 gill water.

Rub grated cheese into flour; add few shakes cayenne pepper; beat the egg and add water; mix into flour with knife; knead slightly until smooth and roll on floured board to half inch thickness. Cut into small scones. Allow to stand for 5 or 10 minutes. Bake in hot oven, reducing heat after three minutes. Total baking time approximately 10 minutes.

### WHOLEMEAL DATE SCONES

1 lb. White S.R. flour containing "Aerophos"; 1 lb. Wholemeal S.R. flour containing "Aerophos"; 1 teaspoon salt; 1 tablespoon sugar; 2 ounces shortening; 1 ounce powdered milk; 1 teaspoon golden syrup; pinch bicarbonate soda; 1 pint hot water.

Mix flour, wholemeal, salt, powdered milk and sugar, rub in butter, add chopped dates. Dissolve golden syrup in hot water and add soda. Mix into flour with knife; roll lightly to 1/2 inch thickness. Bake in hot oven reducing heat after three minutes. Full baking time approximately ten minutes.

### FRUIT SCONES

1 lb. S.R. flour containing "Aerophos"; 2 dessertspoons shortening; pinch of salt; 1 tablespoon sugar; 1 lb. currants or raisins or other fruit according to preference; 1 cup milk.

Sift flour and salt; mix in sugar; rub in shortening; mix in cleaned fruit; finally add milk and stir well with knife; roll out on floured pastry board to half inch thickness; cut into small scones and allow to stand for from 5 to 10 minutes. Bake in hot oven for approximately 10 minutes, reducing heat after first three minutes.

### QUICK METHOD SCONES

1 lb S.R. flour containing "Aerophos"; 2 dessertspoons shortening; 1 teaspoon sugar; half cup hot water; half cup milk; 1/2 teaspoon salt.

Dissolve sugar in hot water; add shortening and stir until melted; stir into sifted flour and salt; roll very lightly to half inch thickness; cut out and bake in hot oven for from eight to ten minutes, reducing heat after first three minutes.

always buy self-raising flour & baking powder made with

# "AEROPHOS"

REGD. TRADE MARK

*The Self Raising Ingredient*

USED IN ALL LEADING BRANDS OF SELF-RAISING FLOUR & BAKING POWDER

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"AEROPHOS" MAKES DELICIOUS  
CAKES AND SCONES because...

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● Favorite recipes handed by mothers to their daughters persist for many generations, each cook in her turn adding to or subtracting from the original according to taste and circumstances.

IT'S interesting to turn back the pages of the family cookery book, if only to dwell wistfully on the lavish use of butter and eggs in old recipes, as well as to find an answer to the problem, "What to serve for dinner?"

Recipes published on this page are, generally speaking, old favorites which deserve a place in anyone's cookery archives.

Remember all spoon measurements refer to level spoons.

#### MOCK SQUABS

Two pounds thinly sliced veal steak, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon melted margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs (or fresh parsley, thyme, and marjoram), 1 small tomato, pinch grated lemon rind and nutmeg, 1 tablespoon chopped bacon.

Cut steak into pieces about 3 in. by 1 in. Mix all seasoning ingredients well together, removing skin from tomato and chopping pulp before adding. Moisture of tomato is sufficient to bind seasoning. Spread each piece of steak with seasoning, roll up, secure with coarse thread or fine string. Place in baking-dish with small quantity melted fat, cover with thickly greased paper. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) approximately 1 hour. Lift on to hot serving-dish, remove cotton, garnish with browned bacon, parsley, and lemon wedges. Brown gravy may be served separately if desired.

#### SAVORY SAUSAGE PIE

One pound beef or pork sausages, 1 dessertspoon fat, 1 medium onion, 3 small tomatoes, salt and pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup meat or vegetable stock, 2 cups mashed potato.

Prick sausages well, place in warm water, bring slowly to boiling point. Drain, cool slightly, remove skins. Cut in halves lengthwise, or into thick slices. Melt fat, add sliced onion, brown lightly. Place half the sausages in lightly greased ovenware dish, cover with layer of onions, sprinkle with salt, pepper, and parsley. Add balance of sausages, salt, pepper, and parsley. Pour stock over. Cover with mashed potato, brush top with milk. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 30 to 40 minutes. Serve piping hot with tomato puree or tomato sauce flavored slightly with Worcestershire sauce.

#### HOT CHOCOLATE SOUFFLE

Two tablespoons cornflour, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons cocoa (or 2oz. grated chocolate), 1 pint milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs.

Blend cornflour and cocoa to a smooth cream with some of the milk. (If using chocolate, place in small basin in boiling water until melted, then mix with blended cornflour.) Add balance of milk and sugar. Stir over low heat until well thickened; then allow to cook over boiling water 10 to 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add beaten egg-yolks, cook 3 or 4 minutes longer. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and vanilla. Turn into deep, greased ovenware dish, bake 7 to 10 minutes in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric). Reduce heat to 375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric, cook a further 20 to 25 minutes. Serve immediately.

#### ORANGE CREAM PUDDING

Two ounces margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt.



FLUFFED jacket potatoes and creamed peas in tomato cases are a fine accompaniment for a dish of mock squabs (stuffed veal rolls) served with bacon slices. The sweet is a smooth orange cream pudding.

# Family Affair

By Our Food and  
Cookery Experts

juices, then stiffly beaten egg-white. Fill into dish, top with sugar and orange rind. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 15 to 20 minutes. Reduce heat, cook 20 to 25 minutes longer. Serve hot or cold.

#### ABERDEEN ROLL

One and a half pounds lean steak, 1/2 lb. fat bacon, 1 1/2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 small eggs, browned breadcrumbs.

Put steak and bacon (rind removed) twice through mincer. Mix thoroughly with soft breadcrumbs, salt and pepper. Mix sauces with

beaten eggs, add to meat, stirring until well mixed. Turn on to floured board and shape into a thick sausage-shaped roll. Roll up in floured pudding-cloth, tie ends securely. Plunge into boiling water, cook steadily 2 to 2 1/2 hours. Remove from cloth, roll in browned crumbs until well coated. Allow to become quite cold, serve in thin slices with salad.

#### CREAMED PEAS IN TOMATOES

Wash and dry firm tomatoes, cut a slice from top of each, scoop out half the pulp. Invert to drain for a while. Dust cases with salt and pepper. Place on greased oven tray, bake until soft. Fill with cooked green peas mixed with white sauce—allow about 1 cup sauce to 1 cup peas. Re-heat in oven before serving.

#### STEAMED APPLE PUFF

One cup well-drained stewed apple pulp, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, pinch cinnamon, few chopped raisins (may be omitted), 2oz. margarine or butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg, 4oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons milk.

Combine apple pulp, lemon rind, cinnamon, and raisins. Place in bottom of well-greased pudding-mould. Cream shortening with sugar and vanilla. Add unbeaten egg, mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Spoon gently into basin on top of apple pulp. Cover with greased paper, steam 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Serve hot with custard or clear lemon sauce.

#### FLUFFED JACKET POTATOES

Five medium-sized old potatoes, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion or shallot, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, paprika.

Scrub and dry potatoes, prick with a fork. Place on oven tray, or pack on to oven shelf. Bake until soft when pressed with the fingers or pierced with a skewer. Split in halves, scoop out pulp. Mash thoroughly, add onion, butter, salt, cayenne, egg-yolk, and milk. Beat until smooth. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Pile back into cases, re-heat and lightly brown tops in oven. Dust with paprika before serving.

#### HOT MARMALADE SCONES

Eight ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 4 teaspoons margarine or butter, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 3 or 4 tablespoons marmalade, 1 tablespoon honey, extra tablespoon grated orange rind.

Sift flour and salt, rub in margarine or butter; add sugar and grated orange and lemon rind. Beat egg, add milk, add to dry ingredients, mixing to a soft dough. Knead slightly, roll to 1/4 in. thickness, cut into rounds. Spread half the rounds thinly with marmalade, press remaining rounds on these. Place on greased tray, bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 15 minutes. Turn out on to cake-cooler. Heat honey, mix with extra orange rind, glaze tops of scones. Serve immediately with marmalade if liked.



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APRICOT CREAM MOULD, a luscious summer sweet, wins first prize this week in our popular recipe contest. See recipe on this page.

## Sweet wins £10 prize

A QUEENSLAND reader wins first prize with a sweet that may be made with fresh or preserved apricots.

From Victoria comes a veal pie recipe, made unusual by its cheese topping, which converts it to a special-occasions dish.

### APRICOT CREAM MOULD

Three dessertspoons gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup sugar, pinch salt, 1 cup syrup (from apricots), 1 cup mashed cooked apricots, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 egg-whites, extra halved apricots, mock cream, and fresh or crystallised cherries to garnish.

Soften gelatine in cold water, add sugar, salt, and syrup; stir and heat until gelatine and sugar are dissolved. Add mashed apricots and lemon juice, mix well, chill. When beginning to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Arrange pattern of halved apricots and cherries in bottom of wetted mould, carefully add a little apricot mixture, allow to set. Gently pour in balance of mixture, chill until firm. Unmould on to wet serving-dish, garnish with halved apricots, mock cream, and cherries.

First Prize of £10 to Miss M. Ramsay, 11 Eveleigh St., Woolswain N3, Qld.

### PRAWN POTATO CASSOLETTES

Cassolettes: One pound cooked mashed potato, 1 teaspoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, seasoned flour, egg-glazing, browned crumbs, fat for frying.

Filling: Half cup medium thickness white sauce, 2 cup shelled prawns, salt and pepper to taste, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Cassolettes: Heat margarine or butter and milk until shortening is melted; stir into mashed potato, mixing until smooth. Add salt, pepper, and parsley; bind with beaten egg. Spread on large plate; allow to cool. Mark into six portions; with hands shape each into a ball, keeping hands well coated with seasoned flour. Dip in egg-glazing, toss in breadcrumbs, place in frying-basket. Deep fry in fuming fat until golden brown all over. Drain on kitchen paper. With small pastry-cutter cut a "lid" from each; carefully scoop out small portion from centre, leaving a casing of potato. Fill each with prawn mixture, top with "lids," serve garnished with extra prawns, lemon wedges, and parsley.



PRAWN potato cassolettes served with lemon wedges and parsley make a tempting luncheon entrée, the recipe for which wins a consolation prize in this week's cooking contest.

Filling: Combine prawns and sauce, season to taste with pepper and salt, add lemon juice. Reheat; do not allow to boil. Fill into cassolettes.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. M. Pengilly, 36 Railway Terrace, Kilburn, S.A.

### VEAL AND CHEESE PIE

One 9in. cooked pastry-case, 1lb. minced veal steak, 1lb. minced ham, 1 dessertspoon fat, 1 tablespoon flour, salt and pepper to taste, 1 medium carrot, 1 small onion, 1 cup diced celery, 1 cup water.

Cheese and Egg Topping: Two eggs, 1 tablespoon melted margarine or butter, 1 cup grated cheese, 2 tablespoons cream from top of milk.

Melt fat in saucepan, add steak and ham, fry until meat changes color. Add flour, stir and cook 1 or 2 minutes. Scrape carrot, dice; peel onion, slice thinly. Add vegetables, water, pepper and salt to pan, stir until boiling. Lower heat, simmer 2 to 1 hour until meat is tender. Fill into pastry-case.

Topping: Beat eggs, add melted margarine or butter, cheese, and cream. Pour gently over meat mixture. Place in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) until topping is set and lightly browned. Garnish with parsley, serve piping hot with jacket potatoes, baked tomatoes, and green peas.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. Heginbotham, 24 Marriot St., Caulfield SE8, Vic.

### BANANA CHOCOLATE CAKE

Four ounces margarine or butter, 2 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 bananas, 3 eggs, 2 1/2 cups flour, 5 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons cocoa, 1 cup milk, mock cream and warm chocolate icing, 2 tablespoons finely chopped walnuts.

Cream margarine or butter, sugar, and lemon rind until white and fluffy. Mash bananas well, add to creamed mixture, stir well. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift flour, baking powder, cocoa, and salt, fold into mixture alternately with milk. Fill into three greased and lined 8in. sandwich-tins. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 20 to 25 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. Fill with mock cream, top with chocolate icing, decorate with walnuts.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. B. McCallum, 47 Hampton Rd., Beaconsfield, W.A.



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### KRAFT FISH AND CHEESE CASSEROLE

8 oz. tin Kraft Fish Supreme ; 4 oz. Kraft Cheese ;  
2 small cooked potatoes ; 1 small onion ; 1 egg ;  
1 cup milk.

Slice the cooked potatoes and place a layer of them on bottom of a casserole. Next add a layer of sliced cheese followed by a layer of Fish Supreme (half the tin). Now add another layer of cheese, one of onion and the remaining potato. Use the rest of the Fish Supreme for a last layer. Beat egg and mix with milk. Pour over the dish until it is covered. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 15-20 minutes. Garnish with grilled, sliced tomatoes and parsley sprigs.



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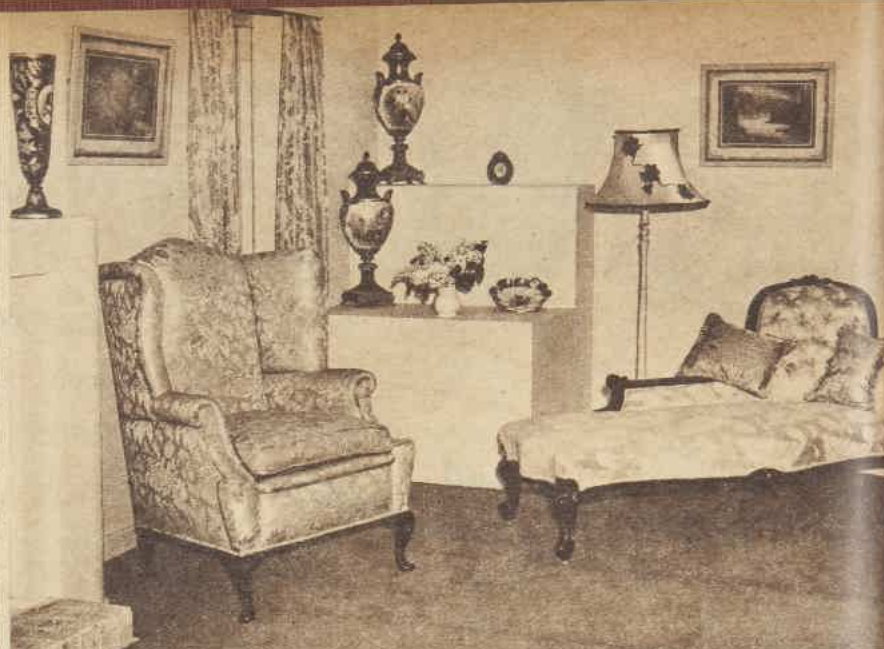


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CORNER OF DRAWING-ROOM in the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Mollard, Toorak, Victoria, showing built-in fitment of plastered brick, painted to match the off-white walls. Pieces of Sevres decorating shelves came from Paris. Couch is covered in off-white damask satin. Baby cushions are Dresden-pink.

## Glass walls frame lovely views

By Eve Gye

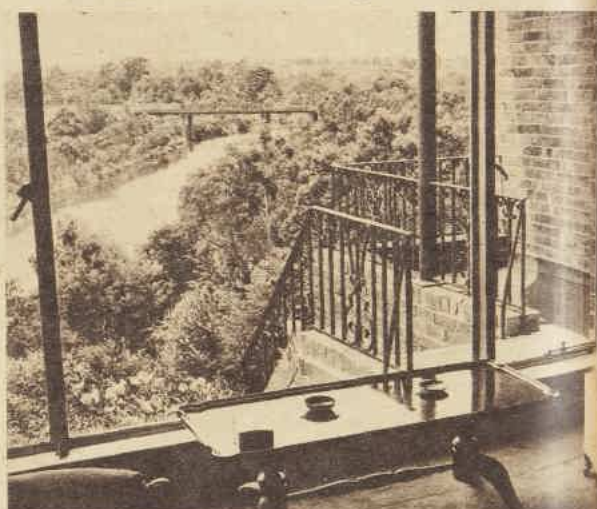
A FEATURE of the attrac-  
tively furnished river-  
side home of Mr. and  
Mrs. John Mollard, Edzell Rd., Too-  
rak, Victoria, pictured on these  
pages, is the large areas of  
glass used to frame glorious  
views of the upper reaches of  
the Yarra and surrounding  
countryside.

Drawing-room, lounge, and  
dining-room have these ex-  
pansive steel-framed walls of  
glass, and massive windows  
have been installed in the up-  
stairs bedrooms.

All contribute to the  
spacious effect of the rooms,  
provide abundant indoor day-  
light, and, in wintertime, allow  
sunshine to penetrate deeply  
into rooms.

A picturesque feature of  
the drawing-room is the built-in  
corner fitment, which is  
shown in the picture above.  
This, of plastered brick, is  
painted to match the walls  
and displays  
bric-a-brac, including pieces of Sevres and a  
bowl of flowers.

The main bedroom is charming, with its  
apple-blossom tinted walls, a deeper-toned  
wall-to-wall carpet, apple-green window  
draperies, padded bedspread, dressing-table  
and stool. The large circular mirror above  
the flounced dressing-table is framed with a  
wide band of ruched satin, the outer edge in  
chiffon frilling.



THIS ATTRACTIVE VIEW of a reach of the Yarra River was taken through the wall of glass in lounge. Walls of the room are duck-egg-blue, carpet is cocoa-colored, window drapes are of lime-green satin, and easy chairs are in lime and floral tonings.

## Your baby's layette

By Sister MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

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tish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Price, 3/6.



SHE MAKES a pretty picture Denise Jane Scanlan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Scanlan, of Gladesville, N.S.W., photographed at five months of age. She is a clinic baby.





ANOTHER VIEW of the charming drawing-room in the Mollards' home. Walls are off-white; the floor is covered with turquoise-toned carpet. Dresden - pink draperies decorate all windows and hang at either end of the glass wall. The moulded brick fireplace is painted to match the glass wall. Deep-seated couch nearest glass wall is covered in white and green. Other chairs in room are off-white.

\*\*\*



BEAUTIFULLY DESIGNED - wrought-iron grille at the entrance to the Mollards' home.



VIEW of Mr. and Mrs. John Mollard's home was taken from the opposite bank of the Yarra.

## Plant these colorful climbers now

**B**EFORE winter sets in, the gardener who has ugly fences, bare brick or stone walls, or unsightly buildings requiring cover should set out one or more colorful climbers.

At this time of the year pot-grown plants of nearly all species and varieties can be obtained from nurserymen. They should, for the most part, be planted on the sunny side of the fence or wall, for only a few, such as honeysuckle and ivy, appreciate shade.

And when planting climbers, bear in mind that they stay put for years, are most gross, almost insatiable feeders, take up a lot of ground room, and starve nearly everything within several feet of their site.

The bignonias particularly are bad medicine if planted near mixed borders. Some of them sucker very badly, particularly *Bignonia grandiflora* and *chrysea*, and their long, deep, exploring roots are likely to sprout up and produce new plants all over the place if cut with the spade.

But the quaint Dutchman's Pipe (*Aristolochia durior*) stays put fairly well, although it produces huge masses of leaves and climbs very vigorously if given strong support.

### This climber likes warmth

**M**OST of this family are climbers or twiners and do best in rich, deep soil that is well supplied with moisture. In the cooler parts of the Commonwealth, where heavy frosts are experienced, the more tender varieties of this family should be grown under glass, or something harder planted instead.

The lovely coral vine (*Antigonon leptopus*) is in flower at this time of the year and often blooms for months. It is frost tender and needs a fairly well protected position from strong winds, as the foliage and flowers are rather frail.

Other climbers for present-day planting include *Azobea*, a lovely Japanese vine that bears both male and female flowers in peculiar clusters of pale to deep purple; *Beaumontia grandiflora*, a magnificent climber with large, creamy-white trumpet-shaped bells (which is also semi-tropical in its requirements);



QUAINT BLOOMS OF *ARISTOLOCHIA DURIOR*, or Dutchman's Pipe, a fast-growing vine of dense habit, admirably suited to screening or for wind-breaks in warm districts.

and *Combretum*, which bears strange orange flowers somewhat resembling a brush. This, too, needs frost-free conditions.

Harder climbers consist of honeysuckles, of which there are a dozen or more lovely varieties; *jasminum*; the perennial peas, obtainable in white, pink, red, and blue; *Sollya*, a lovely blue native of W.A.; and the ever-popular *wistaria*, which needs strong support and plenty of room in every direction.

For very well protected spots where the climate is mild, the quaint and lovely *Hoya carnea*, with its waxen-like, highly fragrant blooms, *Quisqualis* (Rangoon creeper), *Solandra nitida* (chalice vine), and *Thunbergia coccinea* can be planted now.—Our Home Gardener.

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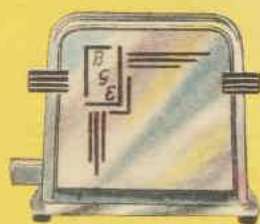
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